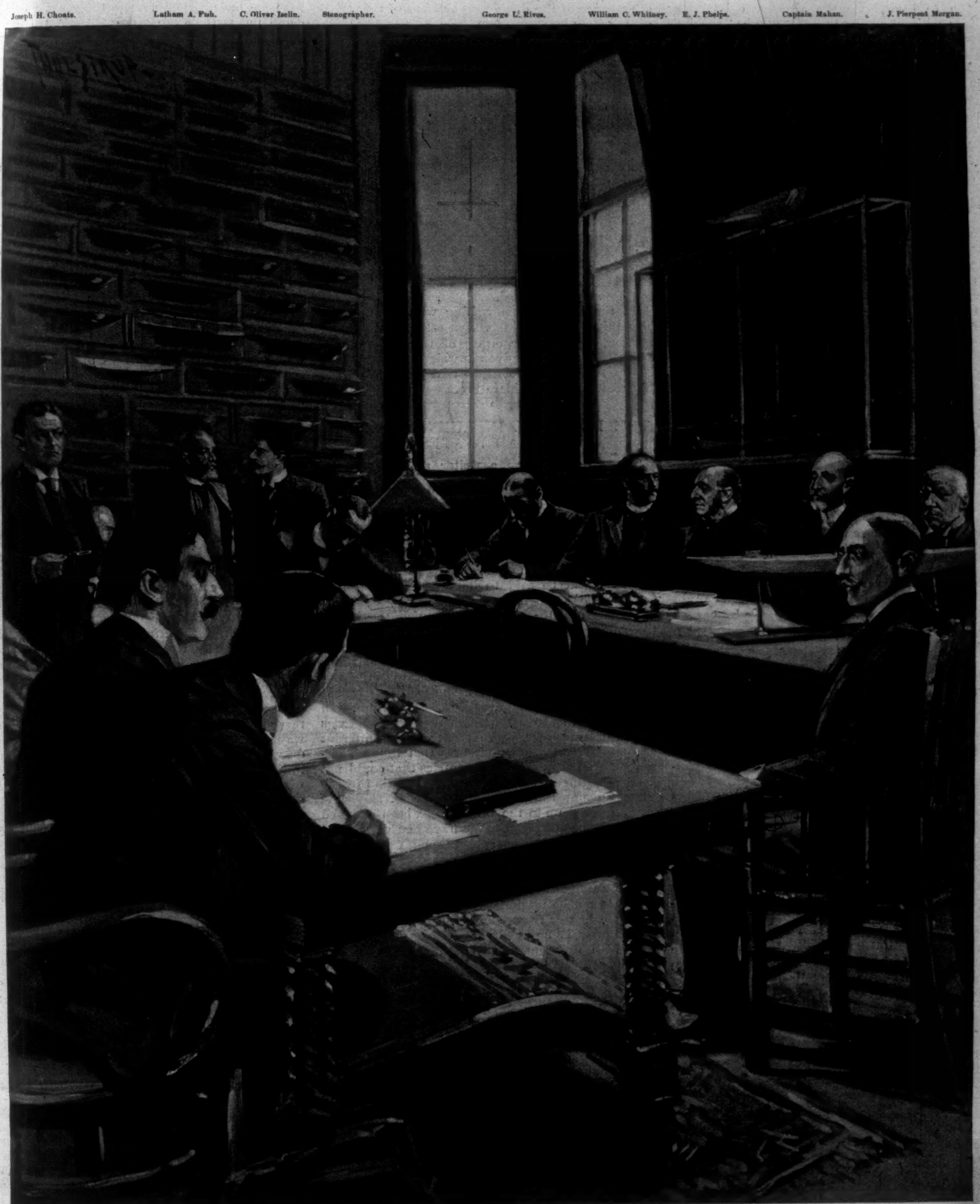
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XL.—No. 2038.
Copyright, 1896, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1896.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.


Joseph H. Choate.
Latham A. Fish.
C. Oliver Iselin.
Stenographer.
George L. Rives.
William C. Whitney.
E. J. Phelps.
Captain Mahan.
J. Pierpont Morgan.
George R. Asbwith.
J. A. G. Hamilton.
Lord Dunraven.

THE DUNRAVEN INVESTIGATION.

The Committee in Session in the Model-Room of the New York Yacht Club House.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See "Amateur Sport."]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 11, 1896.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

A WAY OUT.

It has frequently been remarked in these days that if President CLEVELAND in writing his Venezuela message had only confined himself to the recommendation of an appropriation for a commission to investigate the Venezuela boundary muddle, without adding that it would be "the duty of the United States to resist *by every means* any exercise by Great Britain of governmental jurisdiction" over any territory found by the American Commission not to belong to the British colony of Guiana, and without speaking of his, the President's, being "fully alive to the responsibility incurred" by such a declaration, and of "keenly realizing all the consequences that might follow," nobody would have seen in the message a threat of war, and it might have passed without creating any extraordinary excitement. It was the implied threat of war that startled the civilized world; it for a time violently disturbed that confidence which is the balance-wheel of the money market and of the stock exchanges, and it is the really dangerous point in the whole controversy. If such a threat had been addressed by one European government to another, it would have instantly been followed by the mobilization of armies and fleets. That it had no such consequences in this instance is owing to the fact—by no means complimentary to us—that Americans are regarded as not weighing their words very nicely, and that when our diplomacy indulges in strong language, it is wise to wait and see whether the intended meaning is really as fierce as the sound. But it is, in fact, this threat that made the situation in any way dangerous; and in the nature of things that danger would exist—and it would be a very real one—so long as the threat of war, or language liable to be construed as such, embarrassed the resumption of a friendly discussion of the pending question between the government of the United States and that of Great Britain.

To withdraw such a threat, even if a wish to do so existed, is as delicate a matter on the one hand as the ignoring of it is on the other. But so long as it is neither withdrawn nor ignored, it cannot fail to keep the relations of the countries concerned in a critical condition, and the public mind in a state of sometimes acute, sometimes latent, doubt and anxiety, apt to have a depressing effect upon all the activities which ordinarily draw their encouragement from a general feeling of security and confidence. This has been seriously felt in the United States as well as in Great Britain, and various suggestions of relief have been put forth on this as well as on the other side of the Atlantic. The most concrete, and, as we think, the most practicable of these suggestions was presented last week in a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of New York by Mr. CARL SCHURZ, who offered a resolution calling for the appointment of a committee to consider the expediency of a movement in favor of the enlargement of the Commission appointed by the President to investigate the Venezuela case, by the addition of an equal number of eminent Englishmen to co-operate with the American Commissioners in the work of inquiry, under the presidency and direction of some distinguished person to be agreed upon by the two governments—the joint Commission not to be a court of arbitration called upon to deliver a conclusive and binding decision of the case, but a mere commission of inquiry, or advisory council, or board of conciliation, whose duty it shall be to report the result of its investigations and its findings and opinions to the two governments, leaving them free to accept them or not, as they may choose.

The appointment of such a joint Commission is designed to obviate two difficulties. Lord SALISBURY refused to submit the Venezuela boundary question in its entirety *to a court of arbitration*. This scheme provides for a joint Commission which is only to investigate and report the results of its inquiries and its opinions, without the authority of pronouncing a binding decision which a court of arbitration would have. Thus the objection made by Lord SALISBURY would be obviated, and a point yielded to him. On the other hand, President CLEVELAND insisted that the Venezuela question should be arbitrated *in its entirety*, and the proposed joint Commission is to investigate the Venezuela question *in its entirety*, and report its findings and opinions thereon. Thus President CLEVELAND'S demand would in the most important respect be complied with, and a point would be yielded to him. At the same time, while the findings and opinions of the joint Commission would not have the binding force of a decision by a court of arbitration, they would, even if they were only the findings of one party re-enforced by the assent of the presiding member selected by both, have a moral authority so high that neither government could afford altogether to disregard them. They would, therefore, in any event, furnish the basis for further friendly argument and an eventual agreement. The most important feature of the plan is that its acceptance by both governments would in the very nature of things amount to a virtual disappearance of the dangerous element of the threat of war from between them.

As a matter of course the proposition cannot have been intended as in any sense a mark of disrespect to the distinguished citizens whom President CLEVELAND has selected for his commission. On the contrary, the proposed arrangement would be calculated to relieve them of a very undesirable situation. Whatever confidence the American people may have in their impartiality and fairness, the one-sided character of a Commission appointed by the government of the United States alone will naturally make their impartiality and fairness somewhat doubtful to the rest of the world, and they will have every reason to be glad of the opportunity to make their inquiries in the presence and with the co-operation of eminent men of the opposite party, and under the direction and guidance of a distinguished person whose impartiality could not be questioned.

At the time of this writing we do not know how this "way out" has been received by public opinion, nor whether either of the two governments concerned has given any sign of approval or disapproval. But we think that at all events it deserves serious consideration.

THE PEACEFUL INFLUENCE OF THE UNITED STATES.

SEVERAL years ago a writer, referring to the potent influence which the government of the United States had exerted upon the development of international law, observed that it was "not the least of its achievements that it had so constantly lent the weight of its influence and example to the substitution of reason for force in the adjustment of disputes among nations, that international arbitration might be said to have been a prominent feature of its policy."

It was under the administration of WASHINGTON that our government entered upon this course. When WASHINGTON addressed to his countrymen the memorable injunction to "observe good faith and justice toward all nations," and to "cultivate peace and harmony with all," he had already laid the foundation of our practice of arbitration. In the treaty with Great Britain of 1794, provision was made for three arbitral boards, to adjust different subjects of contention, and since that time all differences between the two countries that could not be settled directly have, with the exception of the violent disputes which grew out of the Napoleonic wars and led up to the war of 1812, been disposed of by methods of peace. We have had with Great Britain perhaps twenty arbitrations; we have had with all countries together upwards of fifty, to say nothing of the many cases in which we have acted as arbitrator or mediator.

There can be no doubt that the influence of our example in this regard has been very great. But the inquiry is naturally suggested why we have arbitrated differences while other nations have fought about them.

The first reason is that by observing the injunctions of our early statesmen we have not become involved in the distinctively political class of contentions that has produced so many wars. We have not sought political supremacy either in this hemisphere or elsewhere. We have not sought to invest our "fiat" with the force of law. On the contrary, it has rather been our boast that we recognized in the smallest states the same rights as in the greatest, and that while all had much to expect from our justice, none had anything to fear from our overwhelming power. This at least has been our boast, though we may not always have lived up to it.

But another and very obvious reason why we have arbitrated our differences is that we have felt and exhibited a desire to do so. It is in this way that our peaceful influence has been most powerfully exerted. Nations, like individuals, must discuss their differences; but the question whether they can amicably adjust them generally depends more upon the manner and tone of the discussion than upon the nature of the dispute. France declared war against Prussia in 1870 on the strength of a rumor. In the following year the United States and Great Britain agreed to arbitrate grave and substantial differences.

Among the arbitrations to which the United States and Great Britain agreed in 1871 was the greatest of all arbitrations—that subsequently held at Geneva in regard to the *Alabama* claims—an arbitration that did more to inspire the world with faith in the method than perhaps all other arbitrations combined. And yet it was largely due to the constancy and statesmanship of one man that this arbitration was permitted to take place.

When HAMILTON FISH became Secretary of State, in 1869, the relations between the United States and England had reached a stage the gravity of which could not well be overestimated. A treaty negotiated by the preceding administration for the settlement of the *Alabama* claims was rejected by the Senate, and its rejection was followed by an explosion of ill-feeling on both sides of the water. One of Mr. FISH'S first steps was to propose a suspension of discussion till public feeling should become calmer; and subsequently, when Mr. MOTLEY transgressed his instructions, and, in a conversation with Lord CLARENDON, despondently suggested the possibility of war unless some way were found of settling the disputes between the two countries, Mr. FISH, besides concurring in his recall, administered to him a severe rebuke.

The questions involved in the *Alabama* claims were full of difficulty, since they involved on both sides national susceptibilities. While the United States maintained that British officials had been negligent in the discharge of neutral duties, the two governments differed widely as to what those duties actually were. In England an exaggerated view was taken as to the extent to which national honor was involved; in the United States an exaggerated view was taken as to our claims.

By quiet, patient negotiation and judicious compromise the statesmen of the two countries were brought together. They solved the most difficult problem of the situation—they made it possible to arbitrate. They taught the world that nations might exercise self-control, and that the peaceful settlement of differences was compatible with national pride and self-respect. No greater lesson was ever more worthily taught. Nor have the virtues of courtesy and mutual forbearance ever been more signally illustrated.

It has been well said that "many wars are caused by the stupidity or ambition of a few persons, many by a false sense of honor, many by misunderstanding of fact." Indeed, if we omit the instances in which war has been forced by one nation upon another wilfully and deliberately, it will be found that the cases are extremely rare in which a conflict might not have been averted by the simple avoidance of hasty and inconsiderate action. "Though I have been trained as a soldier," said GRANT, "and have participated in many battles, there never was a time when, in my opinion, some way could not have been found of preventing the drawing of the sword." And it is well known that in his effort to effect a settlement of all differences with England Mr. FISH had President GRANT'S constant and hearty support.

The people of the United States have ever been jealous of their rights and ready to uphold the national honor. The world understands this fact, and is not likely wantonly to disregard it. We should be equally solicitous to do nothing to impair that confidence in our wisdom and moderation to which we are indebted for our moral influence.

THE FINANCIAL MEASURES OF THE HOUSE.

THE bill to increase the revenue of the government, which the House has passed, was inspired by the belief that taxation in the form of customs duties is not a burden to be made as light as possible, but a blessing to be made as large as possible, and the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee explained the moderation of the measure he presented by the desire of the committee to carry through the House some measure which might possibly receive the support of the Senate and the assent of the President. He estimated that it would yield $40,000,000 a year, which is two or two and a half times the probable deficit of this year, though the money now in the Treasury is more than ample to meet the year's deficiency, and yet it is implied that the committee would have asked a much greater increase of revenues but for the probable opposition of the Senate and the certain opposition of the President. The bill, then, is to be judged as an effort to restore as much of the MCKINLEY tariff as possible, and not to relieve the difficulties of the Treasury.

The bond bill, which the House has passed, has two features which commend themselves to sound financial judgment. The endowment of the Secretary of the Treasury with power to borrow temporarily to meet occasional deficiencies in the revenue is scarcely opposed. The separation of the fiscal from the banking functions of the Treasury is eminently desirable, but it is admitted that the bill does not compel it, and it is not easy to see how it can be accomplished so long as legal tenders, after redemption, must be paid out for other purposes than the purchase of gold. The legislation of 1878, specifically reaffirmed by this bill, prohibits any distinction between the notes received for taxes by the fiscal department and those redeemed by the banking department of the Treasury. The progress of the "endless chain" is not interrupted.

In the judgment of the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee it is interrupted by the provision for a surplus revenue. There would be very little demand for the redemption of notes, he said, if the revenues were adequate, and he cited as evidence the period from 1879 to 1893. But it is vital to this matter to take note of the changes between 1890 and 1893. We have as little disposition as Mr. DINGLEY to arraign an individual or a party. But to determine the proper cure we must know the real cause. Mr. DINGLEY says the cause was insufficient revenue, and he dates the depletion of the gold reserve from the occurrence of the deficit. The records are against him. The gold reserve was depleted $73,000,000 in the first year of the act of July 14, 1890, and $3,000,000 in the second year. These were years of surplus revenue. Even the fiscal year 1893, in which there was a further depletion of nearly $20,000,000, and a panic, was a year of surplus revenue. These facts cannot be ignored. As Mr. PATTERSON of Tennessee said in reference to the act of July 14, 1890, "You can trace financial disaster from that hour just as you can trace the track of a cyclone." The chairman of the Ways and Means Committee attributed a large export of gold to an adverse balance of trade, which his bill increasing duties would obviate, but the present tariff law could not have caused a net export of $156,000,000 of gold during the three years of the silver-purchase act, in which period the balance in our favor was largely in excess of $200,000,000, and in the fiscal year 1894 there was a balance in our favor of $237,000,000 on merchandise besides $37,000,000 on silver.

The bonds are to be sold for gold, in fact, though only "coin" is stipulated. They are to be redeemable in "coin," and if the party now in control of the Senate should secure control of the House and the President, that coin would be silver dollars. The danger may be slight, but it affects the value of the bonds. The trouble with the currency is silver, and no remedy is adequate that does not deal with that. An unqualified declaration by Congress in favor of the gold standard would probably be more effective than a gold loan. It is impossible to get this, but it is folly to shut our eyes to the fact and attribute the trouble to the lack of revenue, or to adverse balances of trade, however much the former may have aggravated the situation.

Mr. DINGLEY'S hope of a popular loan is delusive. The Treasury must have gold for its reserve; the people at large have no gold. They would draw gold out of the Treasury by presenting legal tenders for redemption and then pay the gold for the bonds. Capital would be withdrawn from other investments to be invested in bonds, which would be injurious to business, and the gold reserve would remain where it was, the debt of the government would be increased, and the legal-tender notes would not be retired. A man might pay gold for bonds and then take the gold out with legal-tender notes, and, as Mr. TURNER of Georgia said, eat his cake and have it.

In the succinct statement of Mr. PATTERSON, the national currency consists of $423,000,000 of silver, worth about fifty cents on the dollar, and $500,000,000 of legal-tender paper, behind which is very much less than $100,000,000 of gold. We must reduce the amount of paper which depends directly or indirectly upon gold redemption for its present value, or we must provide a much greater reserve of gold; and if we are to borrow gold, which is an expensive process, we ought to do it on specifically gold bonds sold for gold that will not first be taken out of the government's own vaults.

BERING SEA AND VENEZUELA.

IN Lord SALISBURY'S despatch setting forth some inconveniences of arbitration he took occasion to say that "the task of insuring compliance with the award when it is made is not exempt from difficulty." This appears to be a general and casual remark, but no well-informed American who read it can have entertained any doubt of what the author was thinking, or what moral he intended to point. The United States and Great Britain had agreed to refer to a mixed commission, in which they themselves were represented, the questions relating to the seal-fisheries in the North Pacific which had been the subject of controversy. The two nations had expressly bound themselves beforehand by treaty to treat the decisions of the tribunal "as a full, perfect, and final settlement of all questions referred to the arbitrators." The case as it was submitted embraced five points. Upon two the decision was unanimous. Upon another the two American arbitrators dissented from the majority of the commission. Upon two more the only dissentient was one of the American arbitrators, Senator MORGAN, of Alabama. Upon every point, however, a decision was reached, and upon every contested point the decision was adverse to the claim of the United States.

The tribunal was composed of judges, so to speak, and not of a jury—that is to say, while it was to report its findings upon questions of fact, it was not to find a verdict in the sense of assessing damages. That function was reserved, in the treaty providing for the mixed commission, for "future determination." But the liability of the United States in damages having been established by the commission of which the American members were appointed by President HARRISON, and the "future determination" falling to the administration of President CLEVELAND, the matter was settled, as was supposed, by the offer of Secretary GRESHAM to pay a lump sum in satisfaction of the British claims, and, after some negotiation, this sum was fixed at $425,000, not very much more than half of the British claim.

Unfortunately Senator MORGAN of Alabama was one of the American members of the mixed commission, and also, unfortunately, a member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. He found it becoming actually to resist the passage of the appropriation required to pay what had been decided by arbitration to be in principle a just claim, or, in other words, to resist the enforcement of the decree of a tribunal of which he had been in a minority, and in some points in a minority of one. The scrupulous delicacy of the part this ex-arbitrator chose to play was enhanced by his manner of playing it, and his appeals to the Senate to dishonor the country by refusing to submit to an award to which the country had promised in advance to submit have much disgusted the country, but they have been successful with the body to which they were addressed.

No blame for this breach of the national good faith can be imputed to the President. The appropriation having failed last year, he made another appeal in his annual message, either that it should be made, or that another arbitration should be had to fix the amount due. "The government is bound," he said, "by every consideration of honor and good faith to provide for the speedy adjustment of these claims." But these considerations have no weight with the MORGANS of Congress. They have put it into the power of Great Britain, when we demand that she shall settle an international difficulty by arbitration, to remind us that such an insistence does not come with good grace from a nation which submits a controversy to arbitration, and when the arbitration goes against it, refuses to pay. For that is exactly what Lord SALISBURY'S polite and diplomatic language comes to.

RELATIVE NAVAL STRENGTH OF ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

AT the date of the latest report, which was the middle of November last, Great Britain had attached to her various fleets and squadrons 158 vessels, carrying 1238 guns; and the United States at the same date had in commission 50 vessels, with 382 guns. Vessels of every kind are included—despatch-boats, training-ships, and some others not available for attack or defence. Adding vessels not included in a table of stations, and those being built, we have a total for England of 316 vessels, and for the United States of 81 vessels, not including much useless lumber in the shape of antiquated vessels still afloat. This is certainly not an encouraging showing for us in view of the possibilities of war with England. Fortunately the question as to the prospects of the United States in a naval conflict with Great Britain involves many considerations besides those of the tonnage, steam-power, and offensive and defensive capabilities of the vessels borne on the navy lists of the two nations. The comparison of navies for war should be limited to the vessels that could be actually assembled in the crisis of battle. In the case of the United States nearly every vessel that we have would be available; we have no foreign dependencies, and we have very little commerce that requires consideration. England, on the other hand, would be compelled to scatter her vessels, in order to guard interests requiring protection in every quarter of the globe, and she would be obliged to reserve a certain portion of her navy to provide convoys for merchant vessels sailing on every sea. It is estimated that two ships per minute, or twenty tons of shipping per second, enter or leave the home ports of England, and the marine commerce of the British Empire amounts annually to nearly five thousand millions of dollars (£930,000,000). The sudden outbreak of war with a naval power not subject to modern restrictions on privateering would expose all of this vast commerce to danger. A large detail from the English navy would be required for its protection, as commercial fleets, with the possible exception of steamers with very high speed, would be sent in convoys over established routes under protection of British men-of-war.

According to an estimate made in a paper recently read before the Royal United Service Institute of England, there would be left, after making these necessary deductions, a British force of 29 battle-ships first class, 9 battle-ships second class, 3 battle-ships third class, 3 armored cruisers first class, 13 unarmored cruisers first class, and 14 coast-defence ships. These vessels would be the pick of the British navy, as the work of convoying and defending British colonies could be intrusted to the older vessels and those less effective for the shock of battle. The United States would have 8 battle-ships, 20 coast-defence vessels, 2 armored cruisers, 13 protected cruisers, and 16 gun-vessels—a total of 80 vessels as compared with 71 in the estimate here given of the available British force. No doubt England would add to this number by weakening some portion of her defensive line, but the contest would by no means be so unequal as it might at first appear. In both calculations torpedo-vessels are left out of the computation. Practically we have none, where England has many, but this advantage would be offset in a large measure by the advantage we would have of acting on the defensive and largely in our home waters.

An estimate of the relative value of the ships of a given class belonging to the two nations is one very difficult to make, but in our monitors of modern construction we have vessels which would, for defence at least, be found to be the most valuable war-ships afloat. For some reason, difficult to understand, they do not receive proper credit in estimates of our naval strength. Ask Admiral ERBEN, whose naval experience has made him familiar with them, as to their value. Ask Captain WILLIAM CLINTON WISE, who commands the monitor *Amphitrite*, and other officers whose naval prejudices have yielded to the logic of facts, and the true value of the monitors would become at once apparent. Even the old monitors might be made available for some uses, and they are to be put in order for an emergency. The greatest mistake in our naval administration has been the neglect of this distinctively American man-of-war, and one which is most admirably adapted for home defence.

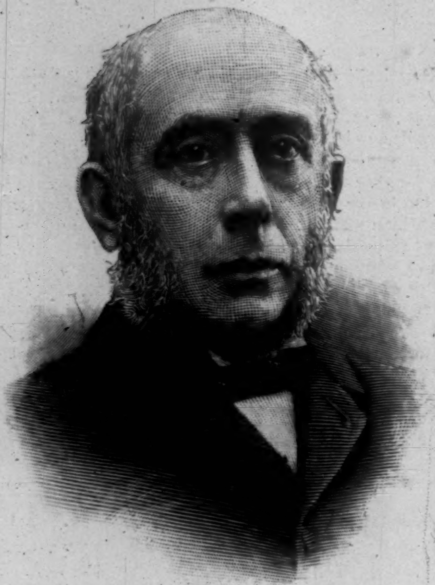
With guns enough, torpedoes enough, and men enough, we have innumerable vessels sailing in New York Harbor that could be made of service in defending us from attack by sea. Their use, no doubt, would involve great risks, but when did we ever lack for American sailors who would not hesitate to take risks in the defence of their country?

Another thing is to be remembered. As Captain MAHAN says, "Theories about the naval warfare of the future are almost wholly presumptive." The modern battle-ship, with all its complications of machinery, is a construction which no man, however thoroughly he may be educated in his profession, fully understands. Its use involves innumerable contingencies, and the solution of questions as to the adaptation of means to ends which are still under discussion everywhere. Here the American sailor would have a decided advantage over the Englishman in his quicker perception and his greater facility for adapting himself to new conditions.

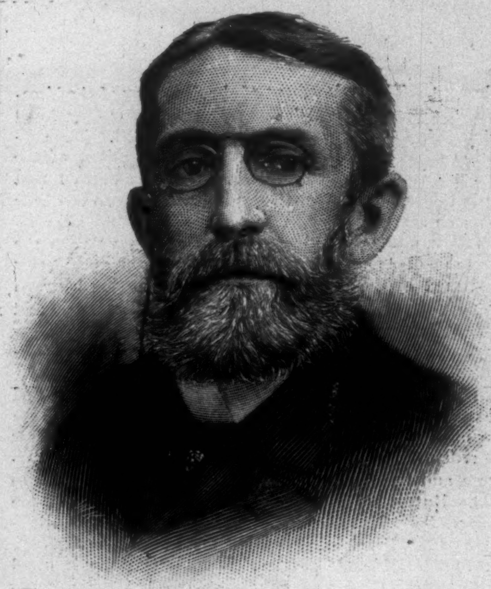
A comparison of indicated horse-power will show one advantage our best vessels have over English vessels of the corresponding type. With a displacement of 14,900 tons the *Royal Sovereign* class has 11,500 indicated horse-power; the *Iowa* with 12,000 tons displacement has 11,000 indicated horse-power; the *Blake* and the *New York* have the same displacement, 9000 tons, but the *Blake* has only 14,525 horse-power, where the *New York* has 17,000 indicated horse-power. The *Minneapolis* has 20,860 horse-power, with only 8100 tons displacement, while the *Edgar* class of British cruisers, with only 400 tons less displacement, have scarcely more than half this horse-power, or from 10,577 to 12,859 indicated horse-power. There is further encouragement in the fact that the vessels modelled on this side of the Atlantic are superior to those we have copied from the best designs adopted for the English navy.

The modern battle-ship is a Frankenstein, largely the creation of British engineering skill. It may in the end be destructive to its creator. Is there not grave danger that so vast a complication of machinery will, in the excitement and hurry of battle, get beyond the control of the ablest naval intellect? It should be remembered, too, that no machinery is stronger than its weakest parts. The rigging and blocks with which the enemy's fire formerly made such havoc are not found in the modern war-ship, but in their place we have a complexity of pipes exceeding in length the running rigging of a ship of equal size, and piping is a recognized source of danger. The rigging of the olden time could be sent down. The pipes are innumerable; they penetrate into every quarter of a ship, and are the constant subject of accidents requiring skilled labor for their repair. The accidents constantly occurring in peace to the pipes and to the numerous mechanical appliances of a modern ship of war will multiply in time of war. They are now so numerous that naval officers hesitate to speak of them with freedom. England is relying in her navy too largely upon machinery. True, we are following her lead in this, but when naval theories and naval calculations shall disappear in the shock of battle, as they are sure to do, the alert Yankee will be much more ready than the Englishman to adapt himself to the conditions created by war.

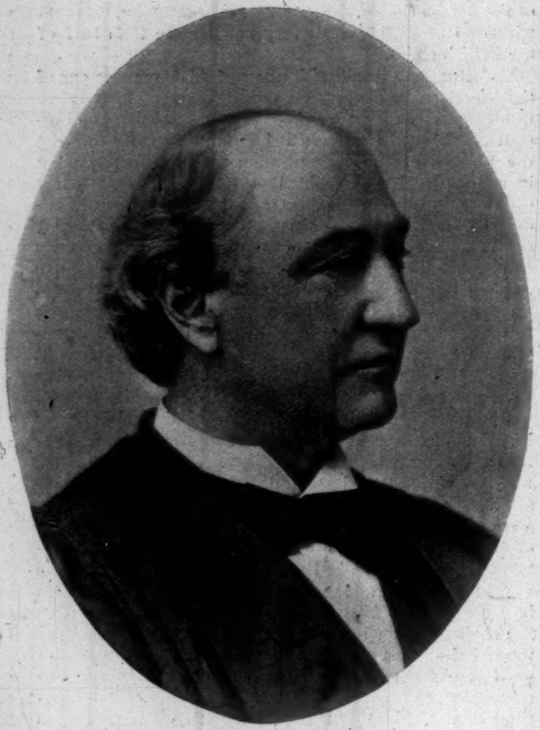
It was so in 1812, when with a total of sixteen vessels we went forth to battle against England with her thousand men-of-war. It was so in 1846, when JOHN ERICSSON with his *Princeton* compelled the reconstruction of the British navy upon the lines of steam-engineering. It was so in 1862, when ERICSSON with his *Monitor* once more rendered obsolete every British ship of war, and forced from the London *Times* (July 17, 1866) the reluctant declaration that the 735 ships of the Royal Navy had suddenly become antiquated, "fit only to be laid up and painted that dirty yellow which is universally accepted to mark treachery, failure, and crime." The progress of modern navies has been almost wholly upon the lines of American invention, and the genius that has created them, should occasion require it, is sure to devise means for their destruction, if not hampered by timidity, conservatism, and the confusion of counsel which paralyzes effort. But we are making the grave mistake of imposing upon our navy the work of coast defence. This belongs to the army. With our coastwise cities properly protected by land batteries, the navy would be free to seek its enemy upon the open sea, instead of being hampered by demands of local defence, and England would once more learn that tonnage and weight of metal are not the only factors of success in warfare on the sea.



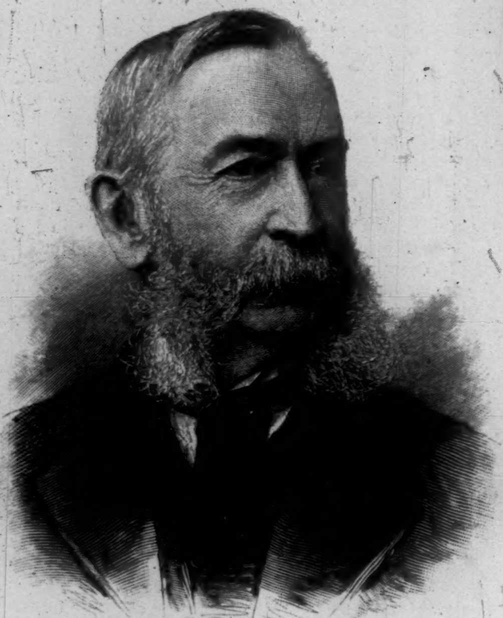
HON. FREDERIC R. COUDERT.



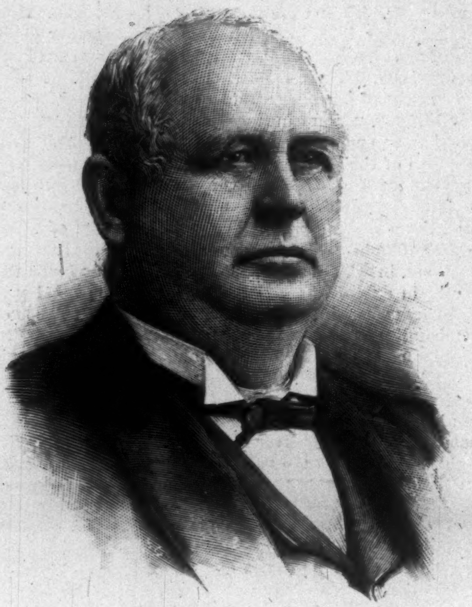
HON. ANDREW D. WHITE.



JUSTICE DAVID J. BREWER.
From a photograph by Bell.

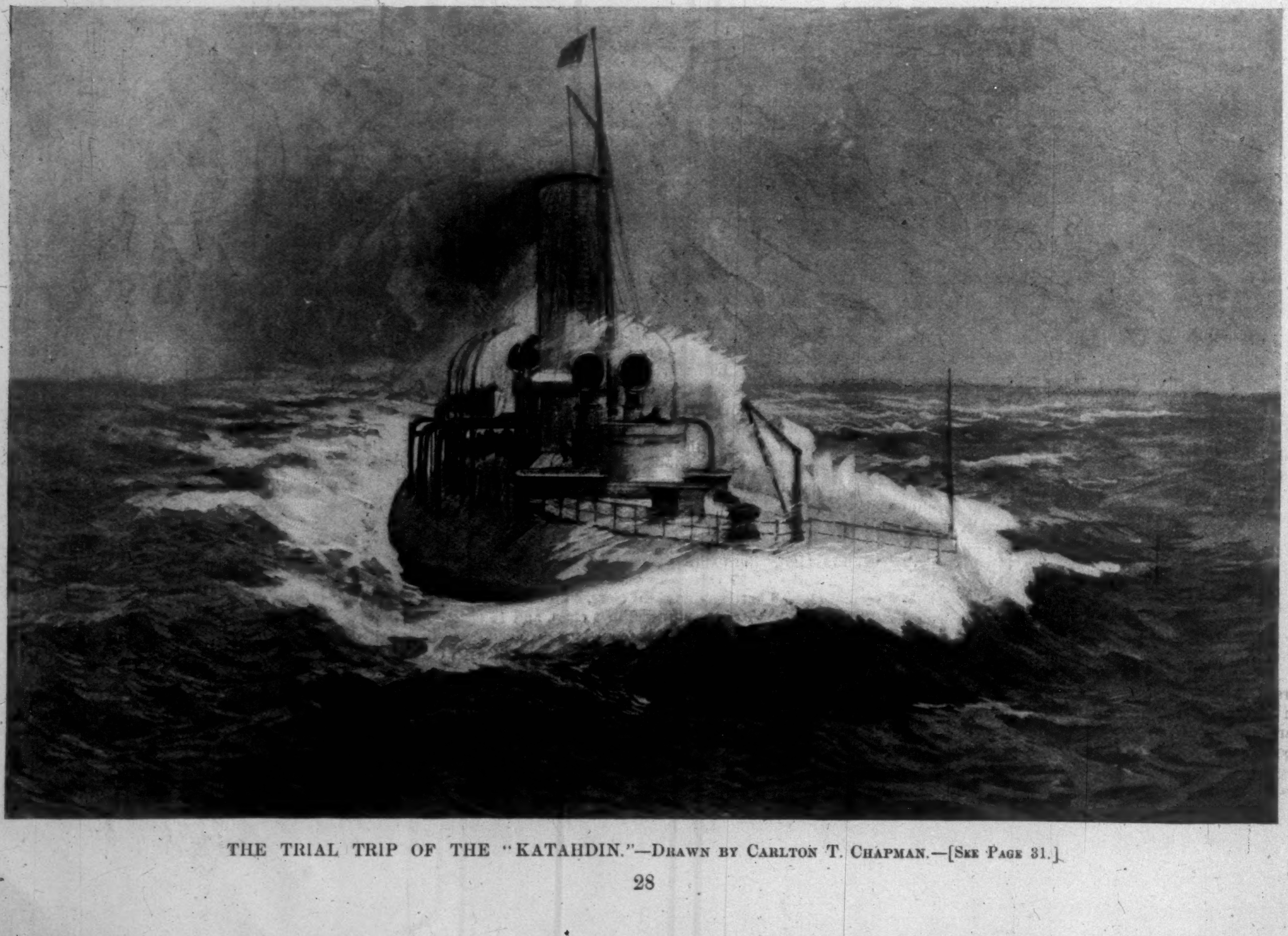


DANIEL C. GILMAN, LL.D.,
President of Johns Hopkins University.

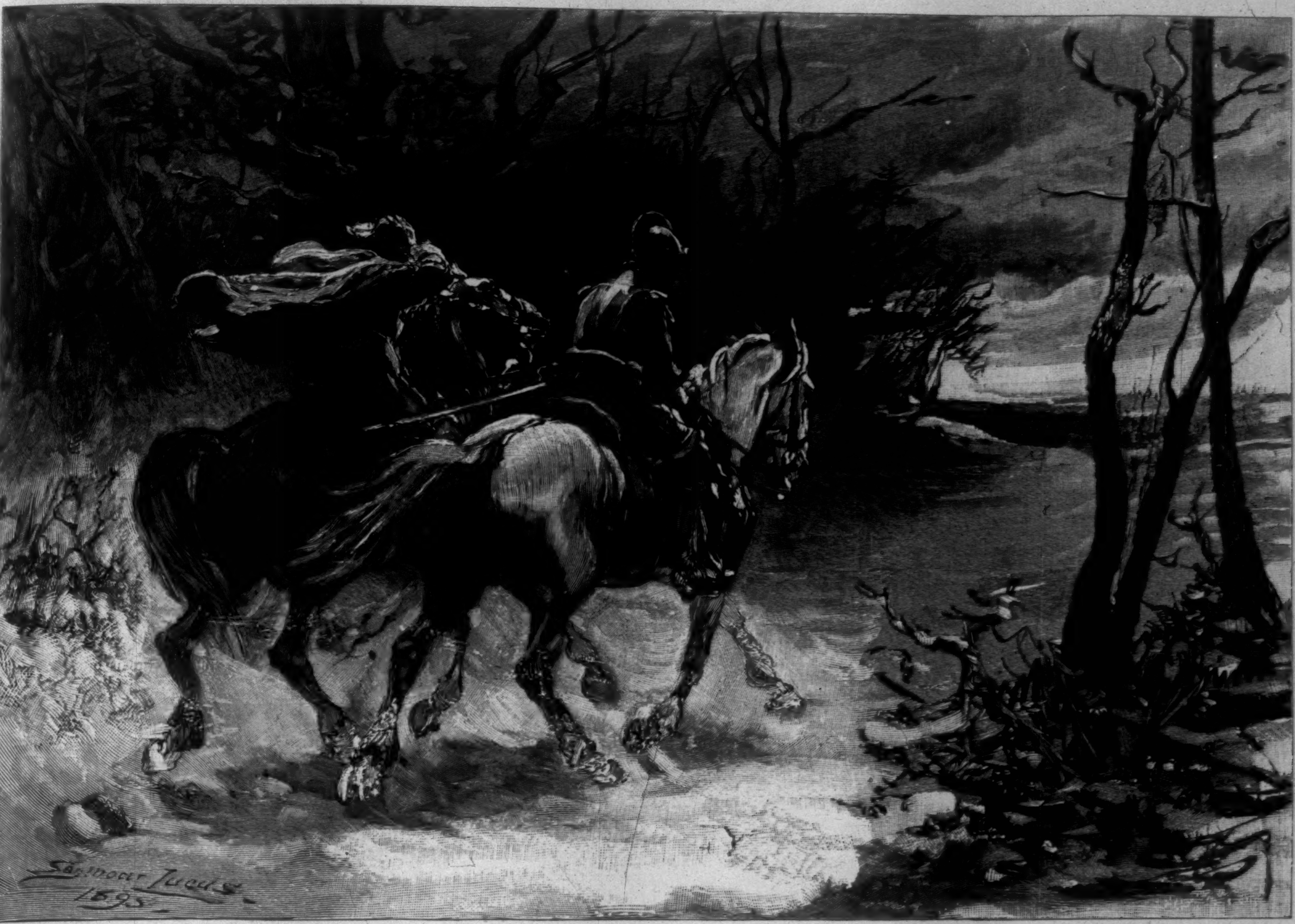


HON. RICHARD H. ALVEY.
From a photograph by Bell.

THE MEMBERS OF THE VENEZUELA BOUNDARY COMMISSION.—[SEE PAGE 31.]



THE TRIAL TRIP OF THE "KATAHDIN."—DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.—[SEE PAGE 31.]



THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER," "THE RAIDERS," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE SECOND TAUNTING OF SPURHEEL.

NOW I shall ever affirm that there was not in this realm of Scotland since our young Queen Mary came out of France—of whom our grandfathers yet boast, and rise from their chairs with their natural strength unabated as they tell—so lovely a maid as Marjorie Kennedy, the elder daughter of Sir Thomas, the Tutor of Cassillis. Ever since I came to the house I could have lain down gladly and let her walk over me—this even when I was but a boy, and much more when I was nigh eighteen and had all the heart of a man in the things of love.

And how the lairds and knights came wooing her! Ay, even belted earls like Glencairn and Eglintoun! But Marjorie gave them no more than the bend of a scornful head and a waft of a white hand, for she had a way with her that moved men's brains to the fantasy of desire.

For myself, I declare that when she came down and walked in the garden, I was like a little waggling puppy dog, so great was my desire to attract her attention. But she spoke to me but seldom, being of a nature as noble as it was reserved. Silent and grave she mostly was, with the lustre of her eyes turned more often to the sea edges than on the desirable young men who rode their horses gallantly over the greensward to the landward gate of Culzean.

But it is not of Marjorie Kennedy, whom with all my heart I worshipped, that I have at this time most to tell. It happened that late in the afternoon Sir Thomas, my master, came out of his chamber, where ordinarily he did his business, and commanded me to prepare his arms, and bid the grooms have the horses ready, for us two only, at six of the clock.

"That will be just at the darkening," I said; for I thought it a strange time to be setting forth, when the country was so unsettled with the great feud between the Kennedys of Cassillis and the young Laird of Bargany and his party.

"Just at the darkening," he made answer, very shortly indeed, as though he would have minded me that time was no business of mine. Which, indeed, it was not.

So I oiled and snapped the pistolets, and saw that the swords moved easily from their sheaths. Thereafter I prepared my own hackbutt and set the match ready in my belt. I was ever particular of my arms, and of those of my lord as well, for I prided myself on never having been faulted in the performing of my duty, however much I might slip in other matters that touched not my honor as a soldier.

Once or twice, as I rubbed or caressed the locks with a feather and fine oil thereon, I was aware of a lightly shod foot moving along the passage without. I knew that it was the lassie Helen, anxious, as I judged, to make up the quarrel. Or, perhaps, with more evil in her heart, wishful to try my temper worse than before.

Presently she put her head within the door; but I stood with my back to her, busy with my work at the window. I would not so much as look up. Indeed, I cared nothing about the matter one way or the other; for why should a grown man and a soldier care about the glaiks and puppet-plays of a lassie of sixteen?

She staid still by the door a moment, waiting for me to notice her. "Ye are a great man this day, Spurheel," she said, tauntingly. "Did ye rowel your leg yestreen to waken ye to bring hame the Grieve's lassie?"

I may as well tell the origin now of the name "Spurheel," by which she ordinarily called me. It was a nothing, and it is not worth the telling. For my own purpose I desired to wake one night at a certain time, and because I was a sound sleeper, I tied a spur to my heel, thinking that with a little touch I should waken as I turned over. But in the night I had a dream I dreamed that the foul fiend himself was riding me, and I kicked so briskly to dismount him that I rowelled myself most cruelly. Thus I was found in the morning, lying all naked, having gashed myself monstrously with the spur, which has been a tale against me with silly people ever since.

Now this is the whole tale why I was called "Spurheel," and in it there was no word of the Grieve's daughter; though Kate Allison was a bonny, well-favored lass, too, and that I will maintain in spite of the gibes of Helen Kennedy.

"I will bring you also the spoons and the boots to clean," she said, "and the court-yard wants sweeping!"

So she often spoke to me as if I had been a menial, because I did my squire's duty with the weapons and the armor, and would not let her so much as touch them, which she much desired to do. For she was by nature as curious about these things as a boy.

So for show and bravery I tried the edge of my sword on the back of my hand. Nell Kennedy laughed aloud.

"Hairs on the back of a bairn's hand!" quoth she. "Better try your carving-knife instead on the back of a currying-comb!"

But I knew when to be silent, and she got no satisfaction of me. For that was ever the better way of it with her, when I could sufficiently command my temper to follow mine own best counsel.

So the afternoon wore on, and before it was over I had time to go out into the fields, and also towards evening to the tennis-court, where to recreate myself I played sundry games with James and Alexander Kennedy—good lads enough, but better at the ball play that has no powder behind it.

At the gloaming the horses were ready and accoutred for the expedition. He and I rode alone, as was his wont—so great was his trust in my courage and discretion, though my years were few, and (I grant it) the hairs yet few on my chin. It was still March, and the bitter winter we had had seemed scarcely to have blown itself out. So that, although the crows had, a week before, been carrying sticks for their nesting in the woods of Culzean, yet now in the coming dark the snowflakes were whirling and spreading ere they reached the ground.

As we rode through the court-yard and out at the gate, I heard the pit-pat of a foot behind us, for I have a quick ear. I heard it even through the clatter of the hoofs of our war-horses. I turned in my saddle, and there behind us was that madcap lass Nell Kennedy, with her wylicoats kilted and a snowball in her hand, which she designed to throw at me. But even as I ducked my head the ball flew past me and hit Sir Thomas's horse Ailsa on the rump, making him curvet, to the discomfort of the rider.

"What was that, think ye, Launcelot?" my master asked, in his kindly way.

"It might have been a bat," I made answer; for it was, at least, no use bringing the lassie into the affair, in spite of what she had done to me that morning. Besides, I could find out ways of paying my debts to her without the telling of tales, and that was always one comfort.

"It is a queer time of year for bats," answered Sir Thomas, doubtfully. But he rode on and said no more. I kept behind him, ducking my head, and appearing to be in terror of another snowball, for the ground was now whitening fast. Nell Kennedy followed after, making a ball harder by pressing it in her hand. So we went till we came to the far side of the bridge and were ready to plunge into the woodlands.

Then I gave the whistle which tells that all is well on the landward side, and is the signal for the bridge to be raised. Gabby Gib-cat heard, and obeyed quickly, as he was wont to do when his master was not far away. At other times he was lazy as the hills.

The bridge went grinding up, and the Gib-cat would immediately, as I knew, stretch himself for a sleep by the fire. So there I had Mistress Nell on the landward side of the drawbridge and the gate up, with the snow dancing down on her bare head and her coats kilted for mischief.

I waited a little while behind Sir Thomas, so that I could say to Nell, whose spirits were a little dashed by the raising of the bridge: "Step down to the water-side and bring up the three bottles of Canary, or go over to the farm and keep the Grieve's lass company. She may be lonely."

So waving my hand and laughing, I rode off and left her alone. I hoped that she cried, for my heart was hot within me because of the good things on which I had expended all my saving, and which I had meant to share with her.

Yet we had not reached the great oak in the park before she was by my side.

---

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2037.

"Think ye I canna gang up the ladder in the White Tower as well as you, Spurheel. It is just kilting my coats a kennin' higher!"

And I could have bitten my fingers off that I had forgotten to pull it in again to my chamber. For in the morning I had mended and dropped it, not knowing when it might be needed.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INN ON THE RED MOSS.

AND now to tell of sterner business, for light wit havering with a lass bairn about a great house is not the purpose of my story. Though I can take pleasure in that also when it chances to come my way, as indeed becomes a soldier.

We rode on some miles through the woods. It still snowed, and straying flakes disentangled themselves from among the branches and sprinkled us sparsely. It was eerie as the night closed in, and we heard only the roar of the wind above us, the leafless branches knocking against one another like the bones of dead men.

It was not my place to ask whither we were going, but it may be believed that I was anxious enough to learn. By-and-by we struck into the hill road which climbs over the Red Moss in the direction of the hill that is called Brown Carrick. The snow darkness settled down, and but that once I had been friendly with a lass who lived in that direction, and so accustomed to night travel there, I could scarce have known whither we were going.

But I understood that it could only be to the lonesome Inn of the Red Moss, kept by Black Peter, that Culzean was making his way. Sir Thomas motioned me with his hand to ride abreast of him, and to make ready my weapons, which I was not loath to do, for I am no nidderling to be afraid of powder. When we came to the Inn of the Red Moss there were lights shining in the windows, looking out ruddy and lowering under the thatch of the eaves. It was ever an uncanny spot, and so it was more than ever now.

But for all that it was populous as a bees' byke, for men and horses seemed fairly to swarm about it. Yet there was no jovial crying or greeting between man and man, such as one may hear any market-day upon the plainstones of Ayr.

The men who were meeting thus at dark of night were mostly men of quality met upon a dangerous and unwholesome ploy. As soon as I saw the quality of the gentlemen who were assembled I knew that we had come to a gathering of the heads of the Cassillis faction. Nor was it long before I saw my lord himself, a tall well-set young man, inclined to stoutness, and of a fair complexion, with closely cut flaxen hair.

The Laird of Culzean, my master, lighted down and took the Earl by the hand, asking, in his kindly way,

"Is it well with you, John?"

For he had been his tutor and governor, and in after-years agreed well with him, which is not common.

"Ay, well with me," replied the Earl; "but it is that dotard fool Kelwood that has gotten the chest of gold and jewels which was taken in my father's time from the house of Cassillis by Archibald Bannatyne, who was my father's man. He died in my father's hands, who was not a cat to draw a straw before. Nevertheless, even in the Black Vault of Dunure he could not be brought to reveal where he had hidden the chest. But now Kelwood, or others for him, has gotten it from his widow, a poor woman that knew not its worth."

"But Kelwood will deliver it, John. Is he not your man? Trouble not any more about the matter," counselled the Tutor, who was forever for the milder opinion, and very notably wise as well as slow in judgment.

"Nay," said the Earl; "deliver it he will not, for Bargany and Auchendrayne have gotten his ear, and he has set his mansion-house in defence against us. I have called you here, Tutor, for your good advice. Shall we levy our men and beset Kelwood, or how shall we proceed that I may recover that which is justly mine own?"

For it was ever the bitterest draught to the Earl to lose siller or gear. The Tutor stood for a moment by his beast's neck, holding his hand a little to one side in a way he had when he was considering anything.

"How many are ye here?" he said to the Earl.

"We are fifteen," the Earl said.

"All gentlemen?" again asked the Tutor.

"All cadets of mine own house, and ready to fight to the death for the blue and gold!" replied the Earl, giving a cock to the bonnet, in the side of which he had the gold lilies of France upon a rosette of blue velvet, which at that time was the Cassillis badge of war.

As he spoke, I, who stood a little behind, with my finger on the cock of my pistol, saw my lord raise a questioning eyebrow at me, as if to ask his uncle who I might be whom he had brought with him.

"He is the son of John Kennedy of Kirrieoch, and with us to the death," said my master.

For which most just speech I thanked him in my heart.

"The name is a good one," said the Earl, with a little smile. And well might he say so, for it was his own, and my father of as good blood, albeit of a younger branch than he.

Presently we were riding forth again, seventeen men in our company, for the Earl had not counted the Tutor and myself in his numeration. We rode clattering and careless over the moors by unfrequented tracks or no track at all. As we went I could hear them talking ever about the treasure of Dunure. And in especial I heard a strange old man, whom they called Sir Thomas Tode, tell of the Black Vault of Dunure, and how lands and gear were gathered by the tortures there. His tales and his manners were so strange and quaint that I vowed before long to take an opportunity to hear more fully. But now there was much else to do.

Betimes we came to the tower of Kelwood, and saw only the black mass of it stand up against the sky, with not a peep of light anywhere. Now we went cannily, and as far as might be we kept over the soft ground. The Tutor bade us cast a compass about the house, so that we might make ourselves masters of the fields, and be sure that no enemy was lying in wait for us. But we encompassed the place and found nothing alive, save some lean swine that ran snorting forth from a shelter where they had thought to pass the night.

Then I and the young Laird of Gremmat, being the best armed and most active there, were sent forward to spy out the best way of taking the tower. I liked the job well enough, for I never was greatly feared of anything all my days; and at any rate there is small chance of distinction in sitting one's horse in the midst of twenty in an open field.

So Gremmat and I went about the house and about, which was not a castle like Dunure or Culzean, with towers and trenches, but only a petty block-house. And I laughed within myself to think of such a bees' byke having the assurance to dream of keeping a treasure against my lord Cassillis, as well as against the Tutor of that ilk and me, his squire.

There is no drawbridge, nor yet a ditch, about Kelwood Tower, but only a little yett-house, with an open pend or passage, that gave against the main wall of the tower. Within this passage, could we gain it, I knew that we should be well protected, and have time to burst in the wall, even if the door withstood us. For I could not see how it was possible for those in the house to reach us in any way to do us harm.

Gremmat and I went back to our company with the news; but the best of it—the part concerning the yett-house—I kept to myself, for the Laird of Gremmat, though a tough fighter, was not a man of penetration. So that I well deserved the right of telling what I alone had seen.

When I told them my discovery, my Lord of Cassillis said nothing, but turned to the Tutor, thinking nothing of my tidings or of the danger I had been in to bring them. But Sir Thomas, my master, turned first to me, as was his kindly custom.

"It is well done of you, Launcelot. The sheep-herding on Kerrieoch has given you an eye for other things," he said.

And at that I think the Earl gave me a little more consideration, though all that he said was no more than, "Well, Tutor, and what do you think?"

"I think," said the Tutor, "that you and the younger men had best take Launcelot's advice, and conceal yourselves in the pend of the yett-house, with picks and a mickle tree for a battering-ram, while I and a trumpeter lad summon Kelwood himself to surrender. From that clump of trees over there we shall be out of reach of their matchlocks."

So the Earl took the advice, and in a little we were in the black trough of the pend, with an iron-bolted door in front of us, and the rough, unhewn stones of the wall on either side of us.

The trumpet blew a rousing blast, and then another, and we could hear the stir of men roused out of their sleep in the tower above us. But we ourselves held our breath and keeped very quiet.

Once more the Tutor's trumpet blew from the clump of oak-trees over against the main gate.

"Who may ye be that blaws horns in the Kelwood without asking leave of me?" cried a voice from the narrow window in the wall above us.

And my master, Sir Thomas, answered him:

"It is I, Kennedy of Culzean, that comes from your liege lord to demand the treasure that is his, stolen from his house by his false servant, and now reset by you, Laird of Kelwood."

The laird laughed contumeliously from his turret window.

"An the Earl wants his treasure, let him come and fetch it," said he.

At which answer it was all that we could do to keep the Earl quiet. He was for setting the squared tree to the door at once.

"Kelwood"—again we heard the voice of Sir Thomas—"I ken well who has deceived you in this matter. Listen to no glosing words. No man can strive with the Kennedy and prosper in all these lands 'twixt Clyde and Solway."

"Which Kennedy?" cried Kelwood, from his window, fleeringly. And this set the Earl more bitterly against him than ever, for it was as much as to say that the Bargany Kennedys were equal in power and place to his own House of Cassillis.

"Lift the trees and to it!" he cried; and with that, being a strong man of his own body, he garred a great fore-hammer dirl against the iron of the door. And though he had many faults, this mindfulness should be minded to him for good. Then there was a noise indeed; coulters and fore-hammers rang merrily against the door, and from aloft came shouts and the rolling of heavy stones down about us. But by my strategy there was not one came near to hurting us. They might have been so many sparrows fyling the roof, for all the harm they did to us. But, nevertheless, they banged away their powder and shouted. We that were with the Earl shouted none, but kept to our work. Stark and strong was the bolted door of Kelwood, and all the might of our strong men could do it no injury, nor so much as shake the hinges. It must have been the work of a deacon among the hammer-men.

But I felt that we were against the wall of the kitchen, for one side of the wall was warm on my right hand, and the other clammy and cold. So I cried on them to leave the door and pull down the stones of the jamb on my right hand. Then, since I had given them good advice before, and they knew that I was of the household of the wise man of Culzean, they were the more ready to take the counsel, though they thanked me not a word, but only lifted the tree and drave at it.

"Make first a hole with the crowbars," said I. "Pull down the stones. They are set without lime under the harling."

And they did it, and we found the first part of the wall as I had said, not difficult of conquest; but the inner, cemented with shell lime, was like adamant. With a shout we set the tree to it, swinging it in our hands. After many attempts we sent the butt of it crashing through; and then, before the enemy could come to the threatened place, we had made a hole large enough for a man to enter on his hands and knees. I was leaping forward to be first within, but Gremmat got in front of me and was crawling through, when the Laird of Kelwood himself came at him with his gun, and shot him in the kernel of the thigh, so that he dropped in a heap on the floor, and was ever thereafter unable of his legs. But I that came second (and glad was I that I had not been first) rose and set my point at Kelwood, for he was tangled up with the reeking musket. I had him pierced before he had time to draw, and was set in defence for the next that might come, when the Earl and the other gentlemen came rushing past me, and invaded the place of Kelwood, so that all within it immediately surrendered.

Then the Earl was like a man gone mad to find the chest, and questioned the laird, who, as was somewhat natural, could do nothing but groan on the floor, with my sword thrust through his shoulder. But in a little they found the box in a cunning wall-press under his bed, where it could not be reached except by moving the whole bed from its place and sliding a panel back—which being done, the cavity was made plain.

It was a harder task to transport young Gremmat with us than it was to take the treasure, which was in a small enough compass, though heavy beyond belief. But after going a mile or two we left Gremmat at the house of a good and safe man, who made himself bound to the Earl for his keeping till he was whole of his wound.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE AND LETTERS

THERE is so very much to say of a play like Mr. Pinero's new play of The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith, in both the dramatic and the histrionic view, that I hardly know how to begin, and I am sure I shall not know where to leave off. But the reader can do part, at least, of the leaving off, and perhaps the beginning had best be made in the very heart of the affair, which I take to be the nature, or the temperament, or the character, whichever it is, of Mrs. Ebbsmith herself.

I.

Ibsen himself has not struck out a more living spark from the flinty surface of civilization than this hapless soul, who is both the newest kind of woman and the oldest, who is commonplace and mystery in one, and is the union of the qualities that bore most and that charm most. The play, which is no longer quite new, is new to our public, and perhaps I do not risk too much in telling or reminding the reader that it opens with the heroine in possession of a vain, selfish, shallow man, whom another woman has a legal claim to; that the scene is in Venice, where the pair are sojourning, after she has nursed him back to health from a fever in Rome; that the family of this valueless Mr. Lucas Cleeve, with the Duke of St. Olpherts at their head, have sent a deputation down from England to the lagoons in the hope of parting him from Mrs. Ebbsmith, and that his wife is of the deputation they have sent. The sister of a Yorkshire clergyman, Mrs. Gertrude Thorpe, overcomes her abhorrence of vice so far as to remain Mrs. Ebbsmith's friend after she finds out about her, and she makes the Rev. Amos Winterfield join her in offering Mrs. Ebbsmith a home in their country vicarage if she will abandon Cleeve. But Cleeve will not give her up; he will not even go back to live with his wife, who despises him and whom he hates, and resume the political career which his affair with Mrs. Ebbsmith has broken off and threatens to end, unless she will go back with him, and live near them. For the sake of terminating a great scandal, and restoring a rising public man to usefulness, the wife comes to ask the consent of Mrs. Ebbsmith to this arrangement; but when she has consented to leave her friends and to resume her part in the infamy, the wife finds her own part too horrible, and renounces it, though it does not seem too shocking to any of her husband's family, and though such an extreme measure is not apparently beyond the imagination or the experience of good society. She and Mrs. Ebbsmith take leave of each other more nearly friends than any of the others concerned, and Mrs. Ebbsmith goes away with the clergyman and his sister, while the husband and wife are supposed to reconcile themselves after their own ideal, and to take up their joint life again, at least as far as the world knows.

In a story like this the reader can readily see what a chance there is for all sorts of lying sentimentality, and the surprising thing is that there is nothing of the sort in the whole play. It is the bare, cold, ugly truth from beginning to end, without a cut-flower to cover its nakedness. Mrs. Ebbsmith was once a socialist ranter, and might be supposed to be of a hysterical and emotional conception of things, but she does not sentimentalize herself, or mistake herself for a moment. There is not a trace in the play of the slobber of Camille, which it recalls through the inversion of its motive; it rather resembles Suderman's Die Ehre in its frank recognitions of human baseness, though here it is the noble family which is ready for the infamous conclusion, and not a shabby household. Mrs. Ebbsmith indeed has an ideal of her relation to Cleeve which is impossible, and which she relinquishes at the first breath of dissent on his part. She has no ideal of him, however; she seems to have felt him vain, selfish, and shallow from the beginning, but she loves him, and she has hoped to be of use to him on the intellectual side, where strangely enough, but not at all improbably, he has strength. Even when he takes this hope from her, and wishes her to be merely what other women in her position are to other men like him, she clings to him through her love. It is her conscience that forces her from him at last; it is the conviction that the wedded pair alone have the right to each other; it is the accusation which makes itself felt in the hearts of all those who accuse marriage. This is the tragedy, the pathos of the situation, which has from it a dignity and a significance that console and support in spite of all its squalor; and a more squalid situation, morally, it would be hard to conceive of.

II.

I was of many minds concerning the playing of Miss Neilson, while the play went on in the hands of the English company of Abbey's Theatre, but since I have had time to think it over, I have grown more and more satisfied with her interpretation of a character which was most difficult from its very simplicity. For, after all, the thing that strikes one most in Mrs. Ebbsmith is her inalienable single-heartedness, and this was what Miss Neilson most made you feel. The woman is almost mannish in that, as the author intimates in one of her lover's speeches to her; and she is always a woman of the people, the woman of cheap origin, in spite of the education she has given herself, in spite of her noble conceptions of life, in spite of the more refined associations and experiences of her later years. When the wicked duke, the delightfully wicked old duke, comes at her request to be denounced for trying to get her lover from her, she denounces him as if she were denouncing him from the platform. She knows she is doing it badly and ineffectively, and Miss Neilson makes you see that she knows it. She makes her carry herself like a woman who has never been taught to carry herself like a lady; when she puts on the fine dinner dress her lover has bought her (a dress which no one but an Italian dressmaker could imagine for any one but an English woman) the actress lets you perceive her beautiful in it, but dowdy, and none the less dowdy because she is like some antique statue got into a modern gown, with a very low neck and no sleeves. There was a good deal of self-sacrifice in all this, and there was more in Miss Neilson's consent that the woman she was impersonating should affect you as a woman who in real life would be a little, or a good deal, tiresome.

These were the effects of a very intelligent and conscientious art. The duke, on the other hand, was a much simpler affair. It was infinitely easier to be always charmingly depraved and cynical, with one little touch of regret and respect for the unhappy woman, than to be that unhappy woman, at once common and noble, beautiful and dowdy, morally strong and emotionally weak, clumsily sublime. But I am not going to express other than a perfect pleasure from the acting of Mr. John Hare, for that was what I got. I hated to have him go off the scene, or to stop speaking for a moment; when he came back and began again, my content was absolute. It was an exquisite portrait; every trait of it remains with me in the joy its mastery imparted.

Mr. Terry was mighty good, too, in his study of the vain, selfish, and shallow man, whom he rendered so sensibly that your flesh crept in shame for him. I could not praise too much the delicacy of a hundred touches of nature, which gave his quality to you as perfectly as if you had known the man all your life. He made a detestable character as appreciable as Miss Neilson made the nature and personal presence of Mrs. Ebbsmith, and he had, after her, the most difficult part in the piece.

I must not forget to speak of the excellence of Mr. Aubrey Smith's Yorkshire clergyman; the goodness, the manliness, the gentle self-respect and frankness of the character were indicated in a series of tones, attitudes, and mere looks, which the actor had added to the author's conception, and which conveyed it in a most satisfactory entirety. You said to yourself that this was just the kind of simple and wholesome fellow who would engage in just that kind of work, and carry it through without a shadow of consciousness or vainglory.

But all the parts were well taken, and the play throughout was as much a lesson for us in the histrionic way, through its perfect smoothness and sufficiency, as the Irving performances have been in their exemplary theatrism, their inapproachable setting and circumstance. Not that the presentation of this play was wanting on that side, either; it was most thorough and complete on that side, too. The scene was mainly in a Venetian *hôtel garni*, and the apartment was just what you would find in a *hôtel garni* on the Grand Canal or the Riva de' Schiavoni. There was a well-fancied hotel servant who spoke Venetian French, and there was a gondolier, and a *cameriera*, who spoke Venetian Italian; in fact the whole keeping was admirable; and there was a quiet faithfulness of detail that made it to the last degree real.

III.

If one leaves the texture of the piece, and the beauty of its presentation, and comes to the question of the problem involved, one comes again to what is the weak side of all the problem plays. What is the lesson of it? Who is to blame? Who is to praise? Are we to regard it as a series of precepts, or a series of pictures? Is it to teach how to live, or merely to show what has been lived? If it is this last, it can easily be taxed with choosing facts and situations of such rare event as to be quite averse in their romantic improbability to the realism of the treatment. The author may indeed retort that no one knows how often such things may happen under the decorous veil that society throws over its sins and shames as far as it can, but that can scarcely justify him. The only thing that can justify him is that he felt so deeply the strength and the truth of what sought expression through him that he had no right to withhold it. If he says this, then criticism has nothing to do on its part but to inquire whether he has dealt honestly with his material; and so far as I represent criticism, I am bound to say that I think he has. I cannot recall a point in which I think he tricked or cheated; and that is saying a good deal for a playwright; even some novelists trick and cheat. I am not sure that I think The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith so good a play as The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, but I am not sure that it is not, either. It treats a wholly different type of unfortunate woman, and I cannot understand why it should be supposed to be a step beyond the study of the rather extreme situation in the earlier piece. No one can very well say what is morally sanative for another; one man's meat is another man's poison; but I am at a loss to know how any middle-aged man or woman could get harm from such a play as The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith, and I rather incline to believe that they would get good. Whether they would get pleasure is another thing, and I am afraid they would not always be amused by it. The night that I saw the piece (it was last Thursday night) I did not receive the impression of a prosperous destiny for it. The house was a third full, and it did not look a very happy house. When the pipe of the stove in which Mrs. Ebbsmith casts the Bible tumbled down, it made some people laugh, but this was the sole relaxation of the tension in which the audience were kept, though some of the duke's cynicisms, the bolder ones, sent light ripples of mirth through the stalls.

Without caring to put on the prophet, to any great extent, I should say that the play was destined to suffer from the same causes that made Mr. James A. Herne's fine tragedy of Margaret Fleming impossible. It is not a play that young people can go to see very well in one another's company; and people who go to see all sorts of gross indecencies without reluctance would perhaps be afflicted with an uncomfortable consciousness at Mrs. Ebbsmith's situation. I am neither blaming nor defending them for this. I see all sorts of nice-looking people, old and young, at plays that seem to me simply infamous, and if they can draw the line at such a serious action as this, why I suppose one ought to be glad that they have at least not lost the power or the wish to draw the line. At the same time, it is apparent that the new English drama, which I have thought well of, and spoken well of, is largely of the material that The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith is made of. The question of marriage perpetually haunts in its many forms the imagination of the dramatists, who ask a great many hard questions about it, and answer few or none. This may be because marriage is itself an answer to all possible questions about it, and is, as I said the other day in speaking of Mr. Hardy's Jude, the only possible solution to the problems it involves. You may indeed not have marriage at all, but if you have any other relation of the sexes, you inevitably have something worse, and every play that seems to accuse it necessarily turns to praise of it, if it is honest, as this last play of Mr. Pinero's certainly is. If it has any other moral than that marriage is the only thing for women who would love and be loved, it is that men had better be better to women than they are; and I take it that this is a very good moral indeed, or at least one that women will not question.

W. D. Howells.

THE VENEZUELAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

The five gentlemen whom the President has appointed members of the commission to ascertain, if possible, the true boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana are all learned men of mature and varied experience. Judge David J. Brewer was appointed a justice of the Supreme Court by President Harrison in 1889. He was born in 1837, in Asia Minor, where his father had gone as a missionary to the Greeks in Turkey. His mother was a sister of Cyrus and David Dudley Field. He is a graduate of Yale. He studied law in Albany and New York, and practised it in Kansas, where his home was in the city of Leavenworth, and where he served successively as United States Commissioner, judge of Probate and District courts, county attorney, superintendent of schools, president of the Kansas Board of Education, and justice of the Supreme Court of Kansas. In politics he is a Republican.

Judge Richard Henry Alvey is Chief Justice of the District of Columbia Court of Appeals, and is a Democrat. He was on the Judiciary Committee of the Constitutional Convention of 1867, was elected Chief Judge of the Fourth Circuit under the new Constitution, and was re-elected in 1882. He succeeded Judge Bartol as Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and resigned that office in 1893 to accept the one he now holds. His reputation as a jurist is exceedingly high.

Mr. Frederic R. Coudert is a native of New York and a graduate of Columbia College. He is very widely known as a leader of the New York bar, has been president of the Bar Association of New York, and was one of the counsel of the United States before the Bering Sea Commission. He is a Democrat, and has been president of the Manhattan Club.

Dr. Andrew D. White, a Republican in politics, is a graduate of Yale, and a man of high distinction in many fields. He has served as State Senator, was a member of the commission sent by President Grant to San Domingo in 1871, was Professor of History in the University of Michigan, and President of Cornell University from 1867 until 1881. He has been United States minister to Berlin and to St. Petersburg, and is an able and prolific writer.

President Daniel C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, is also a graduate of Yale. He is a native of Connecticut, has travelled widely, and is the author of many books, and among others of the biography of James Monroe in the "American Statesmen" series. He has been a Professor of Physical and Political Geography at Yale, superintendent of the public schools of New Haven, a member of the Connecticut State Board of Education, and President of the University of California. His present place he has occupied since Johns Hopkins University was started, in 1875.

The life work of these commissioners has been the diffusion of knowledge and the promotion of justice. Any report upon which they can agree must certainly be received with respect, and seems likely to carry great weight with all the parties to the dispute with which it is concerned.

THE TRIAL TRIP OF THE "KATAHDIN."*

The navy of the United States has acquired by special act of Congress another powerful addition in the Ammen ram *Katahdin*, which had her speed trial on Long Island Sound on the 31st day of October, 1895, under conditions decidedly unfavorable to the builders. To force a vessel to her utmost in the face of a strong wind and against the tide is a more than usually severe test, and though the *Katahdin* did not come up to the full requirements as to speed, her value for coast defence is undoubted. The possibilities for destruction of such a vessel seem almost unlimited, and the stoutest battle-ship would not be proof against a well-delivered blow from the *Katahdin*. A grim and queer-looking craft she is, with her low rounded sides, sharp-pointed bow, and huge funnel. Her curving decks are calculated to deflect any shot from an enemy, and her quickness in turning and her powerful engines will enable her to deliver a blow and get away with a very great chance of success.

But life on board such a ship is not a holiday affair, and her trial developed the discomfort of sailing on a half-submerged albeit stout and powerful vessel.

Leaving New London in the gray dawn we arrived on the course at about ten o'clock, and soon after passed the first stake boat under forced draught, the water piling in a huge cascade over the bow, and slipping along the rounded sides in swirling masses of white foam which stretch out to the horizon beyond in a fury of leaping, tumbling, angry water. From below came the roar of the engines swelling out above the tumult, and throbbing like the heart-beats of some leviathan.

Then, just as everything seemed settled for the long run, there was a sudden slackening of speed, a roar of escaping steam, and the ship turned reluctantly back for another start. A gasket in the steam steering-gear had blown out, and the steering-room, ward-room, and cabins were filled with escaping steam; a tiny bolt in the air-pump had also slipped out of place, and the whole ship below decks was left to suffocating heat, the men in the engine-rooms dripping with perspiration as if in a Turkish bath. A big wave swept over the stern as we swung around in the trough of the sea, and down an open port poured into the ward-room in a drenching shower. Such trifling discomforts as these, however, did not seem to be minded in the least, and the damage soon repaired, we rushed for the lines again under full pressure, and this time successfully passed the different stake-boats (four and a quarter miles apart), leaving them pitching in our wake. A quick and beautiful turn at the last mark and she headed into the wind and tide for the race home against time. It was raining by this time, and blowing hard, and the ship was simply swept with water, while the flying spray formed a complete veil on either side, through which a glimpse could be had only now and then of the cold gray sea. Into this stinging, blinding cloud of icy cold the officers looked, muffled from head to foot, and shading their eyes as they watch for buoys or the second-hand of their chronometers. How they could see anything ahead was a mystery to a landsman, for it was hard work even to keep one's eyes open against such a gale.

The water rushed inches deep along the decks, and down the open scuttle leading to the ward-room it poured in streams, while men stood below sweeping it into drain-pipes, from which it was pumped out again. The ward-room was almost dark, for the dynamo had been shut off, and the ports overhead were covered most of the time with dark green water, which rushed off for an instant, to be followed by a swirling of white, and then another wave would blot out the light. The air was close, and the vibration of the engine made the dishes dance on the sideboard and play a tune in the ward-room pantry, drowning the voices of the men talking around the table, where the stewards were busy preparing lunch and mopping up the wet floors. Greasy men in blouse and overalls would come into the room for a minute, drink a glass of water, and then rush back to their stations; hot and tired enough they looked; they were officers of the trial board, whose duty it was to watch the working of every detail in the engine-rooms. Nor was theirs a light task; not one peep of daylight did they get till the race was over. One by one through the rain and mist the buoys were passed. Then the last one, and the *Dolphin*, rolling on the heavy sea, came in sight.

"Stand by!" shouts the executive officer—"*time!*" and the struggle was over—nearly 17 knots an hour in a driving sea and rain. Down came the red flag, up went the stars and stripes, and we made for New London and a well-earned rest.

WOOD AUCTIONS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

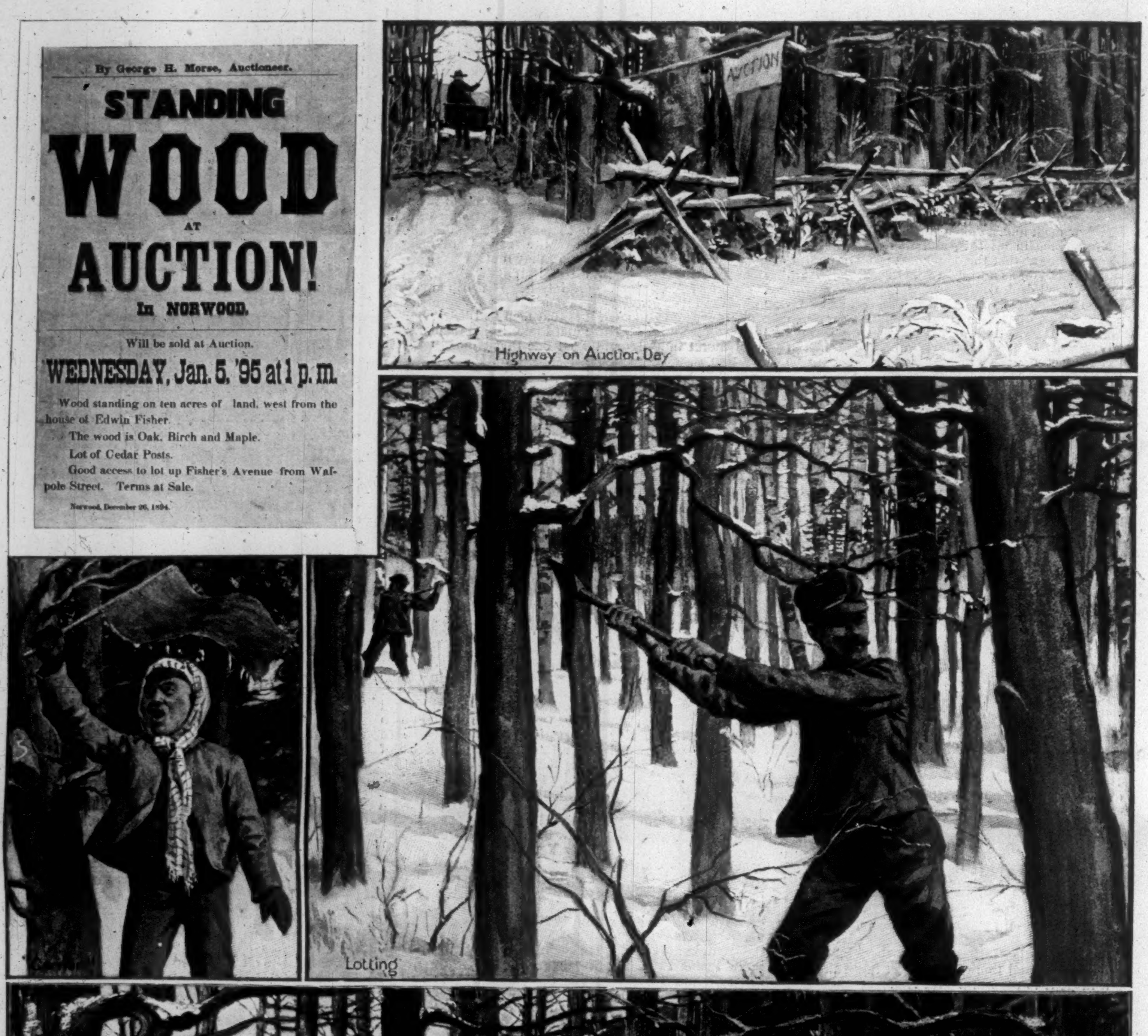
There are various methods of disposing of growing wood in America, the customs differing as widely as the characteristics and habits of the people. In some parts of the country, where the making of lumber is a great industry, large areas of timber-lands are bought either outright, or the right to clear the land of trees is purchased. Another method, when the forest belongs to the national or to a State government, is for the lumbermen to take all the most desirable trees without permission or authority. These are known as "timber thieves," and their depredations have been great, shameful, and permanently destructive. Then again, in the Middle States, we have the method of selling the right to cut down a forest at so much per acre, and nowadays this is pretty nearly always at so much an acre according to the size, quality, and kind of wood. When such an arrangement is made between buyer and seller a surveyor is agreed upon, who runs a line around the wood to be cut, and then calculates the area. Upon this computation a settlement is made. Not infrequently, however, after a price per acre is agreed upon, the buyer and seller enter into a guessing match, and so arrange the acreage. The country people are as fond of gambling as those who live in the cities, and a wood-lot gamble in the autumn, when the squirrels are making their first drafts on their winter store of nuts, is productive of much country-side satisfaction.

In some of the older parts of New England, where the original forests disappeared very long ago, a man with a wood for sale will divide it up into quite small lots, twenty-five or thirty paces square, and then sell these by auction to the highest bidder. In Massachusetts, in the neighborhood of Boston, this custom is two or three generations old—so old, indeed, that the unreflective among the people think that the custom as it prevails there is as old as the world itself. So small a lot as the one indicated, one-fifth or one-sixth of an acre, would have but small value as material for lumber. If there were trees large enough for this purpose, however, there would be nothing save the competition on the part of rivals to prevent a purchaser from buying as many contiguous lots as he pleased. But usually the lots in the part of Massachusetts where Mr. Hooper's sketch was made are bought for firewood, and the price fluctuates with the supply and demand. Before the auction is held the lots are laid off by blazing trees at the corners of the lots, and when the auction is held these corners are marked with bright-colored flags in the hands of boys, who yell "Corner!" in the strident nasal tones of the section, when each reaches the tree of his corner.

The trees from lots of this kind are cut down over and over again. With some quickly growing timber the cutting is done about every seventeen years. But twenty-five years would come nearer to the average. A man who lives in the country too far beyond the scriptural limit may remember to see one woodland denuded three times. Such a recollection might be interesting, but it could hardly be satisfactory to a sensible man, who could not fail to reflect at the same time that our ancestors treated our forests very badly indeed, and that we in our time are not much wiser or more provident of the needs of posterity.

---

* A description of the *Katahdin*, her construction, armament, and machinery, was printed in *Harper's Weekly* for August 25, 1894.



By George H. Morse, Auctioneer.

STANDING

WOOD

AT

AUCTION!

In NORWOOD.

Will be sold at Auction.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 5, '95 at 1 p. m.

Wood standing on ten acres of land, west from the house of Edwin Fisher.

The wood is Oak, Birch and Maple.

Lot of Cedar Posts.

Good access to lot up Fisher's Avenue from Walpole Street. Terms at Sale.

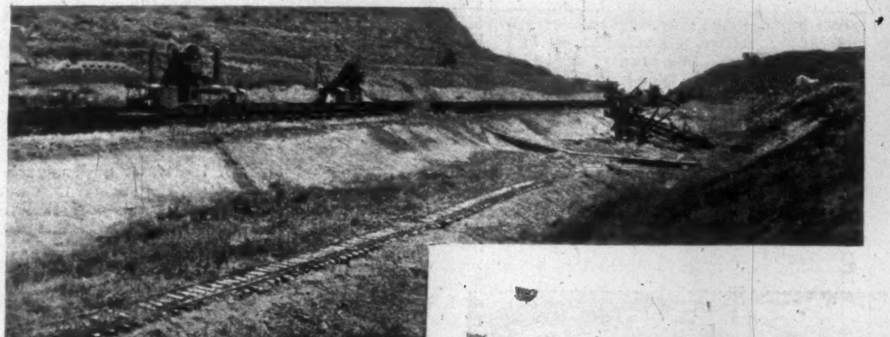
Norwood, December 26, 1894.

AUCTION
Highway on Auction Day
5
Lotting
9
The Auction

A NEW-ENGLAND WOOD AUCTION.—Drawn by Charles E. Hooper.—[See Page 31.]

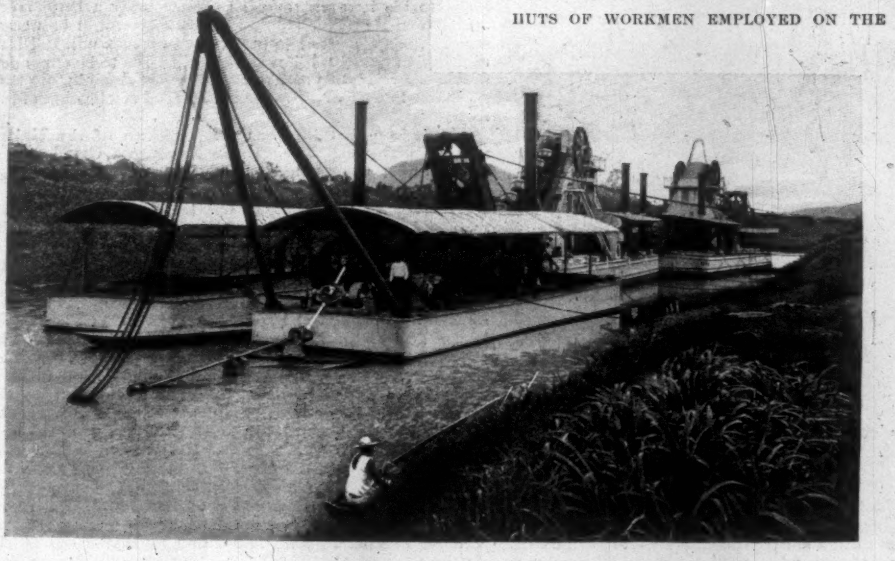
THE BAY OF PANAMA.

STREET SCENE IN PANAMA.



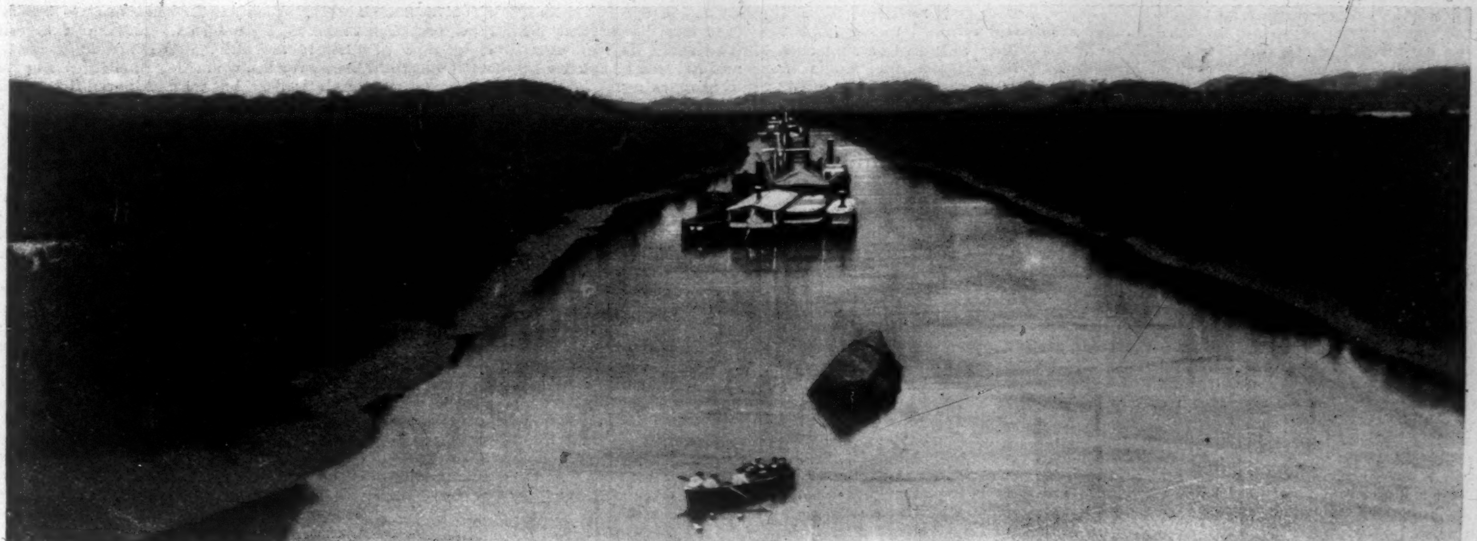
THE CANAL IN THE INTERIOR.

HUTS OF WORKMEN EMPLOYED ON THE CANAL.



DREDGES IN THE CANAL.

THE TOP OF A DREDGE.



PANAMA CANAL ON THE PACIFIC SIDE.

THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.—[See Page 34.]

THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

IF Ulysses in his wanderings had attempted to cross the Isthmus of Panama his account of the adventure would not have been filled with engineering reports or health statistics, nor would it have dwelt with horror on the irregularities of the Canal Company. He would have treated the isthmus in language full of imagination, and would have delivered his tale in the form of an allegory. He would have told how on such a voyage his ship came upon a strip of land joining two great continents and separating two great oceans; how he had found this isthmus guarded by a wicked dragon that exhaled poison with every breath, and that lay in wait, buried in its swamps and jungles, for sailors and travellers, who withered away and died as soon as they put foot upon the shore. But that he, warned in time by the sight of thousands of men's bones whitening on the beach, hoisted all sail and stood out to sea.

It is quite as easy to believe a story like that as to believe the truth: that for the last century a narrow strip of swamp land has blocked the progress of the world; that it has joined the peoples of two continents without permitting them to use it as a thoroughfare; that it has stopped the meeting of two great oceans and the shipping of the world, and that it has killed with its fever half of those who came to do battle against it. There is something almost uncanny in the manner in which this strip of mud and water has resisted the advance of man, as though there really were some evil genius of the place lurking in the morasses and brooding over the waters, throwing out its poison like a serpent, noiselessly and suddenly, meeting the last arrival at the very moment of his setting foot upon the wharf, arrogant in health and hope and ambition, and leaving him with clinched teeth and raving with madness before the sun sets. It is like the old Minotaur and his yearly tribute of Greek maidens, with the difference that now it is the lives of men that are sacrificed, and men who are chosen from every nation of the world, speaking every language, believing in every religion; and to-day the end of each is marked by a wooden plank in the Catholic Cemetery, in the Hebrew Cemetery, in the French Cemetery, in the English Cemetery, in the American Cemetery, for there are acres and acres of cemeteries and thousands and thousands of wooden head-stones, to which the evil spirit of the isthmus points mockingly, and says, "These are your failures."

The fields of Waterloo and Gettysburg saw a sacrifice of life but little greater than these fifty miles of swamp land between North and South America have seen, and certainly they saw no such inglorious defeats, without a banner flying or a comrade cheering, or the roar of musketry and cannon to inspire the soldiers who fell in the unequal battle. Those who died striving to save the Holy Land from the unspeakable Turk were comforted by the promise of a glorious immortality, and it must have been gratifying in itself to have been described as a Crusader, and to have worn the red cross upon one's shoulder. And, in any event, a man who would not fight for his religion or his country without promises or pensions is hardly worthy of consideration. But these young soldiers of the transit and sailors of the dredging-scow had no promises or sentiment to inspire them; they were not fighting for the boundaries of their country, but redeeming a bit of No Man's Land; not doing battle for their God, but merely digging a canal. And it must strike every one that those of them who fell doing their duty in the sickly yellow mist of Panama and along the gloomy stretches of the Chagres River deserve a better monument to their memories than the wooden slabs in the cemeteries.

It is strange that not only nature, but man also, should have selected the same little spot on the earth's surface in which to show to the world exactly how disagreeable and unpleasant they can make themselves when they choose. It seems almost as though the isthmus were unholy ground, and that there was a curse upon it. Some one should invent a legend to explain this, and tell how one of the priests who came over with Columbus put the ban of the Church upon the land for some affront offered by its people to the voyagers, and so placed it under a curse forever.

For those whom the fever did not kill, the Canal Company robbed, and the ruin that came to the peasants of France was as irredeemable as the ravages of the fever, and the scandal that spattered almost every public man in Paris exposed rottenness and corruption as far advanced as that in the green-coated pools along the Rio Grande.

Ruins are always interesting, but the ruins of Panama fill one only with melancholy and disgust, and the relics of this gigantic swindle can only inspire you with a contempt for yourself and your fellow-men, and you blush at the evidences of barefaced rascality about you. And even the honest efforts of those who are now in charge, and who are trying to save what remains, and once more to build up confidence in the canal, reminded me of the town councillors of Johnstown who met in a freight depot to decide what was to be done with the town and those of its inhabitants that had not been swept out of existence.

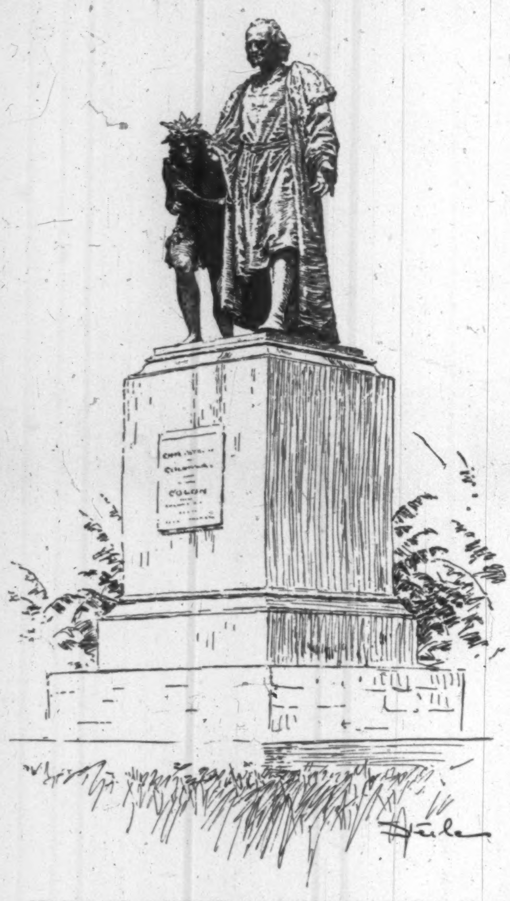
There are forty-eight miles of railroad across the isthmus, stretching from the town of Panama on the Pacific side to that of Colon—or Aspinwall, as it was formerly called—on the Caribbean Sea. The canal starts a little north of the town of Panama, in the mouth of the Rio Grande River, and runs along on one side or the other of the railroad to the port of Colon. The Chagres River starts about the middle of the isthmus, and follows the route of the canal in an easterly direction, until it empties itself into the Caribbean Sea a little north of Colon.

The town of Panama, as you approach it from the bay, reminds you of an Italian seaport, owing to the balconies which overhang the water and the colored house-fronts and projecting red roofs. As seen from the inside, the town is like any other Spanish-American city of the second class. There are fiacres that rattle and roll through the clean but narrow streets behind undersized ponies that always move at a gallop; there are cool dark shops open to the streets, and hundreds of negroes and Chinese coolies, and a handsome plaza, and some very large municipal buildings of five stories, which appeared to us, after our experience with a dead level of one-story huts, to tower as high as the Auditorium. Panama, as a town, and considered by itself, and not in connection with the canal, reminded me of a Western county-seat after the boom had left it. There appeared to be nothing going forward and nothing to do. The men sat at the cafés during the day and talked of the past, and went to a club at night. We saw nothing of the women, but they seem to have a greater degree of freedom than their sisters in other parts of Spanish America, owing, no doubt, to the cosmopolitan nature of the inhabitants of Panama.

But the city, and the people in it, interest you chiefly because of the canal; and even the ruins of the Spanish occupation, and the tales of buccaneers and of bloody battles and buried treasure, cannot touch you so nearly as do the great pretentious building of the company and the stories of De Lesseps' visit, and the ceremonies and feastings and celebrations which inaugurated the greatest failure of modern times.

The new director of the Canal Company put a tug at our disposal, and sent us orders that permitted us to see as much of the canal as has been completed from the Pacific side. But before presenting our orders we drove out from the city one afternoon and began a personally conducted inspection of the machine-shops.

We had read of the pathetic spectacle presented by thousands of dollars' worth of locomotive engines and machinery lying rotting and rusting in the swamps, and as it had interested us when we had read of it, we were naturally even more anxious to see it with our own eyes. We, however, did not see any machinery rusting, nor any locomotives lying half buried in the mud. All the locomotives that we saw were raised from the ground on ties and protected with a wooden shed, and had been painted and oiled and cared for as they would have been in the Baldwin Locomotive Works. We found the same state of things in the great machine-works, and though none of us knew a turning-lathe from a sewing-machine, we could at least understand that certain wheels should make other wheels move if everything was in working order, and so we made the wheels go round, and punched holes in sheets of iron with steel rods, and pierced plates, and scraped iron bars, and climbed to shelves twenty and thirty feet from the floor, only to find that each bit and screw in each numbered pigeon-hole was as sharp and covered as thick with oil as though it had been in use that morning.



STATUE OF COLUMBUS AT COLON PRESENTED BY EMPRESS EUGENIE.

This was not as interesting as it would have been had we seen what the other writers who have visited the isthmus saw. And it would have given me a better chance for descriptive writing had I found the ruins of gigantic dredging-machines buried in the morasses, and millions of dollars' worth of delicate machinery blistering and rusting under the palm-trees; but, as a rule, it is better to describe things just as you saw them, and not as it is the fashion to see them, even though your way be not so picturesque.

As a matter of fact, the care the company was taking of its machinery and its fleet of dredging-scows and locomotives struck me as being much more pathetic than the sight of the same instruments would have been had we found them abandoned to the elements and the mud. For it was like a general pipe-claying his cross-belt and polishing his buttons after his army had been routed and killed, and he had lost everything, including honor.

There was a little village of whitewashed huts on the southern bank of the Rio Grande, where the men lived who take care of the fleet and the machine-shop, and it was as carefully kept and as clean as a graveyard. Before the crash came the quarters of the men used to ring with their yells at night, and the music of guitars and banjoes came from the open doors of cafés and drinking-booths, and a pistol-shot meant no more than a momentary punctuation of the night's pleasure. Those were great days, and there were thousands of men where there are now a score, and a line of light and deviltry ran from the canal's mouth for miles back to the city, where it blazed into a great fire of dissolute pleasure and excitement. In those days men were making fortunes in a night, and by ways as dark as night—by furnishing machinery that could not even be put together, by supplying blocks of granite that cost more in freight than bars of silver, by kidnapping workmen for the swamps, and by the simple methods of false accounts and credits. And while some were growing rich, others were living with the fear of sudden death before their eyes, and drinking the native rum that they might forget it, and throwing their wages away on the roulette tables, and eating and drinking and making merry in the fear that they might die on the morrow.

Mr. Wells, an American engineer, was in charge of the company's flotilla, and waited for us at the wharf.

"I saw you investigating our engines," he said. "That's all right. Only tell the truth about what you see, and we won't mind."

We stood on the bow of the tug and sped up the length of the canal between great dredging-machines that towered as high above us as the bridge of an ocean liner, and that weighed apparently as much as a battle-ship. The decks of some of them were split with the heat, and there were shutters missing from the cabin windows, but the monster machinery was intact, and the wood-work was freshly painted and scrubbed. They reminded me of a line of old ships of war at rest in some navy-yard. They represent in money value, even as they are to-day, five million francs. Beyond them on either side stretched low green bushes, through which the Rio Grande bent and twisted, and beyond the bushes were high hills and the Pacific Ocean, into which the sun set, leaving us cold and depressed.

Except for the bubbling of the water under our bow there was not a sound to disturb the silence that hung above the narrow canal and the green bushes that rose from a bed of water. I thought of the entrance of the Suez Canal, as I had seen it at Port Said and at Ismaïlia, with great P. & O. steamers passing down its length, and troop-ships showing hundreds of white helmets above the sides, and tramp steamers and sailing-vessels flying every flag, and compared it and its scenes of life and movement with this dreary waste before us, with the idle dredges rearing their iron girders to the sky, the engineers' sign-posts half smothered in the water and the mud, and with a naked fisherman paddling noiselessly down the canal with his eyes fixed on the water, his hollowed log canoe the only floating vessel in what should have been the highway of the world.

There were about eight hundred men in all working along the whole length of the canal while we were there, instead of the twelve thousand that once made the place hum with activity. But the work the twelve thousand accomplished remains, and the stranger is surprised to find that there is so much of it and that it is so well done. It looks to his ignorant eyes as though only a little more energy and a greater amount of honesty would be necessary to open the canal to traffic; but experts will tell him that one hundred million dollars will have to be expended and seven or eight years of honest work done before that ditch can be dug and France hold a Kiel celebration of her own.

But before that happens every citizen of the United States should help to open the Nicaragua Canal to the world under the protection and the virtual ownership of his own country.

Our stay in Panama was shortened somewhat on account of our having taken too great an interest in the freedom of a young lawyer and diplomat, who was arrested while we were there, charged with being one of the leaders of the revolution.

He was an acquaintance of Lloyd Griscom's, who took an interest in the young rebel because they had both been in the diplomatic service abroad. One afternoon, while Griscom and the lawyer were sitting together in the office of the latter, five soldiers entered the place and ordered the suspected revolutionist to accompany them to the cartel. As he happened to know something of the law, he protested that they must first show him a warrant, and while two of them went out for the warrant and the others kept watch in the outer office Griscom mapped out a plan of escape. The lawyer's office hung over the Bay of Panama, and Griscom's idea was that he should, under the protection of the darkness, slip down a rope from the window to a small boat below and be rowed out to the *Barracouta*, of the Pacific Mail Company's line, which was listed to sail that same evening up the coast. The friends of the rebel were sent for, and with their assistance Griscom made every preparation for the young rebel's escape, and then came to the hotel and informed Somerset and myself of what he had done, and asked us to aid in what was to follow. We knew nothing of the rights or the wrongs of the revolutionists, but we considered that a man who was going down a rope into a small boat while three soldiers sat waiting for him in an outer room was performing a sporting act that called for our active sympathy. So we followed Griscom to his friend's office, and having passed the soldiers, were ushered into his presence and introduced to him and his friends. He was a little man, but was not at all alarmed, nor did he pose or exhibit any braggadocio, as a man of weaker calibre might have done under the circumstances. When we offered to hold the rope for him, or to block up the doors so that the soldiers might not see what was going forward, he thanked us with such grateful politeness that he made me feel rather ashamed of myself; for my interest in the matter up to that point had not been a very serious or a high one. Indeed, I did not even know the gentleman's name. But as we did not know the names of the government people against whom he was plotting either, we felt that we could not be accused of partiality.

The prisoner did not want his wife to know what had happened, and so sent her word that important legal business would detain him at the office, and that his dinner was to be brought to him there. The rope by which he was to escape was smuggled past the soldiers under the napkin which covered this dinner. It was then seven o'clock and nearly dark, and as our rebel friend feared our presence might excite suspicion, he asked us to go away, and requested us to return in half an hour. It would then be quite dark, and the attempt to escape could be made with greater safety.

But the Alcalde, during our absence, spoiled what might have been an excellent story by rushing in and carrying the diplomat off to jail. When we returned we found the office locked and guarded, and as we walked away, in doubt as to whether he had escaped or had been arrested, we found that the soldiers were following us. As this continued throughout the evening, we went across the isthmus the next morning to Colon, the same soldiers accompanying us on our way.

The ship-of-war *Atlanta* was at Colon, and as we had met her officers at Puerto Cortez, in Honduras, we went on board and asked them to see that we were not shot against church walls or hanged. They were exceedingly amused, and promised us ample protection, and though we did not need it on that occasion, I was impressed with the comforting sense that comes to a traveller from the States when he knows that one of our White Squadron is rolling at anchor in the harbor. And later, when Griscom caught the Chagres fever, we had every reason to be grateful for the presence in the harbor of the *Atlanta*, as her officers, led by the surgeon and the assistant surgeon, helped him through his sickness, visiting him daily with the greatest kindness and good-will.

Colon did not impress us very favorably. It is a large town of wooden houses, with a floating population of Jamaica negroes and a few Chinese. The houses built for the engineers of the canal stretch out along a point at either side of a double row of magnificent palms, which terminate at the residence intended for De Lesseps. It is now falling into decay. In front of it, facing the sea, is a statue of Columbus protecting the Republic of Colombia, represented by an Indian girl, who is crouching under his outstretched arm. This monument was presented to the United States of Colombia by the Empress Eugénie, and the statue is, in its fallen state, with its pedestal shattered by time and the many storms, significant of the fallen fortunes of that great lady herself. If Columbus could have protected Colombia from the French, as he is in the French statue protecting her from all the world, she would now be the richest and most important of Central American republics.

Colon seems to be owned entirely by the Panama Railroad Company—a monopoly that conducts its affairs with even more disregard for the public than do other monopolies in better-known localities. The company makes use of the seaport as a freight-yard, and its locomotives run the length of the town throughout the entire day, blowing continually on their whistles and ringing their bells, so that there is little peace for the just or the unjust. We were exceedingly relieved when the doctors agreed that Griscom was ready to put to sea again, and we were able to turn from the scene of the great scandal and its fever-fields to the mountains of Venezuela, and of Caracas in particular.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE IN THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

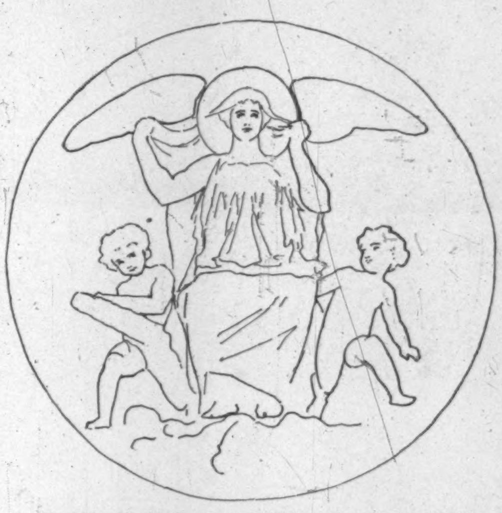
I.—THE DECORATIONS OF MR. EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD.

ANALYSIS of an elaborate scheme of art is commonly expected to begin at the beginning, but in the case of the new Congressional Library at Washington we begin a detailed survey of its decorations with an account of certain frescoes in the uppermost stages of the building. These are the frescoes painted by Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield for the collar and crown of the dome which surmounts the vast rotunda in the centre of the Library. By the collar is meant that member of the great dome which carries the curve of the latter against the vertical lines of the lantern. The crown of the dome is the semicircular covering which is built over the lantern, and in roofing that section marks the apex of the building. It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Blashfield, completing his work sooner than any of his colleagues, nevertheless does so in those portions of the Library which may be said to terminate and crown the undertaking. It is a testimony to the soundness of his art that Mr. Blashfield's decorations actually possess the character of final touches, actually present the qualities of a design rounding out and ratifying all that lies beneath it. This is because the work is intimately identified with its architectural foundations. It is a pleasure to enter upon an examination of the Library decorations with frescoes so organic as these, so architecturally conceived.

Mr. Blashfield belongs to the group of mural decorators to whom their opportunity has been rather recently given, and for whom the buildings at the Chicago Fair were in some sort pioneer spaces, structures upon which they were permitted for the first time to carry out some really ambitious ideas. At that time, in 1893, Mr. Blashfield was easily in the first rank. The fresco in which he set forth symbolically the arts of the goldsmith, the armorer, the iron-worker, and the craftsman in brass was one of the most consistently decorative productions in the entire decoration of the fair. Points of execution may have been defective, but at the root of the matter our artist was on a firm basis. He had conceived his design on mural grounds, and the result was very persuasive. It lingers still in the memory as one of the most convincing demonstrations of the virtue residing in American work on large wall or ceiling spaces. Between the Chicago decoration and his two frescoes for the Congressional Library Mr. Blashfield has developed steadily, and the later work shows an authoritative fusion of his capacities, a vigorous application of them to the expression of definite ideas. The fresco in the crown of the dome fills very happily the need of a space so elevated and so distantly accessible to the vision of the spectator standing beneath the dome. The uplooker will behold simply a woman seated upon clouds and accompanied by two childish figures. The woman is supposed to represent "human understanding looking upward from finite intellectual achievement to that which is beyond—intellectual progress, in a word." One of the figures beside her closes the book of science, the other beckons to the figures in the lower frescoes, as though urging them to ascend with the goddess who presides over the fresco we have described. It is with the lower fresco that our criticism must be chiefly concerned. The upper one is beautiful in conception and fills the space with admirable effect—fills it with the simple forms and vaporous background which belong to such a ceiling. In the large decoration beneath, Mr. Blashfield shows in a more interesting way the measure of his art.

He has proposed to adorn the great collar of the dome, one hundred and fifty feet in circumference, with a series of twelve seated figures symbolical of nations or epochs of special significance in the intellectual development of the world. The first of the figures, which are all winged, represents Egypt, with a tablet at the side bearing that name, and a cartouch below stating the peculiar contribution of the nation to the sum of human knowledge. Thus Egypt is the representative of written records, Judea typifies religion, Greece is the standard bearer of philosophy, Rome bears the same relation toward administration, Islam stands for physics, the Middle Ages are figured as the fountain-head of modern languages, Italy is represented as the source of the fine arts, Germany as sponsor for the art of printing, Spain as the first great power in discovery, England as a mighty bulwark of literature, the France of the eighteenth century as emblematic of emancipation, and America as the nation of scientific genius. Each figure holds the insignia of its place. For example, the attributes of Egypt include a table of hieroglyphics, Islam is given a retort and a book of mathematical calculations, and Rome is endowed with the fasces and a baton of command. In this way Mr. Blashfield has given his scheme intellectual unity and eloquence, making the circle of heroic types a compact expression of the accumulated genius of the human race. It is a noble idea developed with imaginative insight and exaltation. And now as to the purely decorative side of the matter. There Mr. Blashfield has amply fulfilled the expectation that he would produce a well-balanced and architecturally symmetrical design. The wings of his figures are outspread and overlap one another. The consequence is a picturesque background of feathery lightness and charm, and one that at the same time has regularity and precision of outline, preserving always in the rhythmic contours the sense of structural poise and logic which it is most essential to maintain. The intention, indeed, has been to make these pinions the preponderating motive in the decorative scheme, the figures being placed against them with the nicest delicacy, and never making too aggressive spots against the general tone of the background. White, blue, and green are the principal colors used in the fresco, which stands throughout in a moderate key. The effort seems to have been to keep the decoration within certain gracious and charming limits, making the figures statuesque, to be sure, but remembering that a certain lightness must always go with dome paintings. This fine performance is entirely free from weightiness, from anything obtrusively pictorial or dramatic in its composition. The figures grow out of the architecture, falling through individual attitude and general grouping into a scheme of aerial and delicately decorative effect. It sets a most excellent standard for the decoration of the Library. It is original, it is dignified, it fulfils its mission, and is throughout well done.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.



ROUGH SKETCH OF DECORATION FOR CROWN OF LANTERN.

FIRST LESSONS IN BUSINESS.

"Now, my son," said the old merchant, "while you are applying yourself to the details of this business, learning how to buy and how to sell, how to gauge the taste and needs of the great public, how to avoid mistakes, how to seize opportunities—while you study these things keep always before you the fact that the basis of all true business success is absolute, uncompromising honesty."

"Father," said the young man, "your business has always been one of large sales and small profits, has it not?"

"You know what I advertise, my son; I buy everything direct from the manufacturer, and I sell to the consumer at exactly seven and a half per cent. advance from cost. Such a business I believe to be as beneficial to the public as any philanthropic institution. The people should purchase the necessaries of life at a margin above first cost sufficient only to pay for the actual handling of the goods. That is a fixed principle of mine."

"But," said the boy, in a puzzled, hesitating way, "you had an invoice of lace curtains to-day at $3 a pair, and I heard you give instructions to mark them $4 69."

The old man leaned back in his leather-cushioned swivel chair, smiled blandly, and told the boy to take pencil and paper.

"The expenses of this business last year," he said, "were ten per cent. of the sales. Add ten per cent. to your $3."

"Three thirty."

"There is always possible a shrinkage in value of stock, always a percentage of bad debts, always a hazard of unforeseen contingencies. Add ten per cent. more."

"Three sixty-three."

"Do you know how much it costs your father to maintain himself and his family? Have you any idea of the expense of educating and dressing three boys and three girls, paying their way in society, providing them and their mother with a country home and a city home, with servants and carriages and everything they desire?"

"I am afraid I have no idea, father."

"Well, it's simply frightful. It is, in fact, twenty per cent. of the entire sales of the house. Add twenty per cent. Never mind fractions."

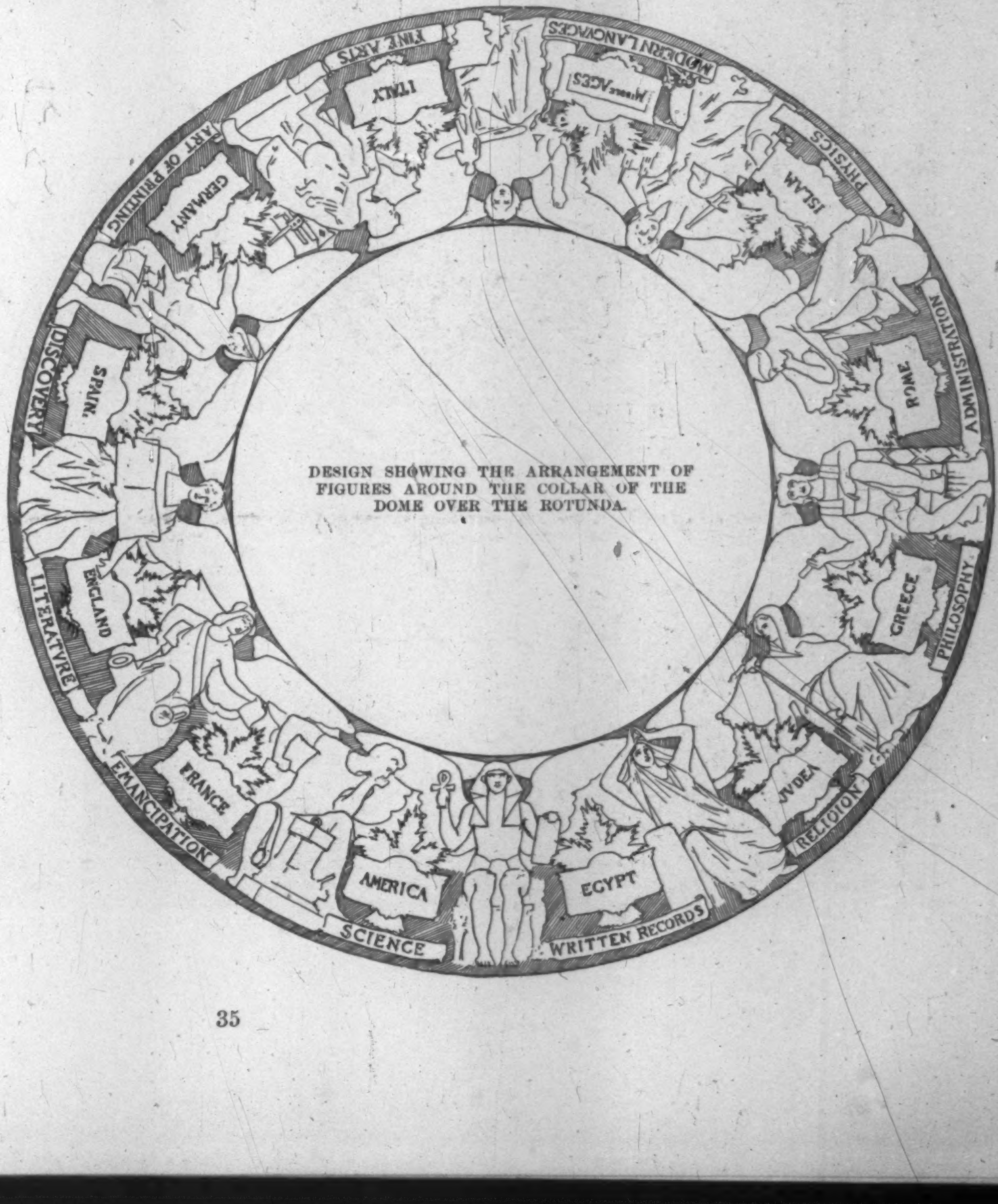
"Four thirty-six."

"There. You have arrived by a process as clear and open as day, and by the use of simple business rules, at the cost of those curtains billed at three dollars. Now add seven and a half per cent. profit."

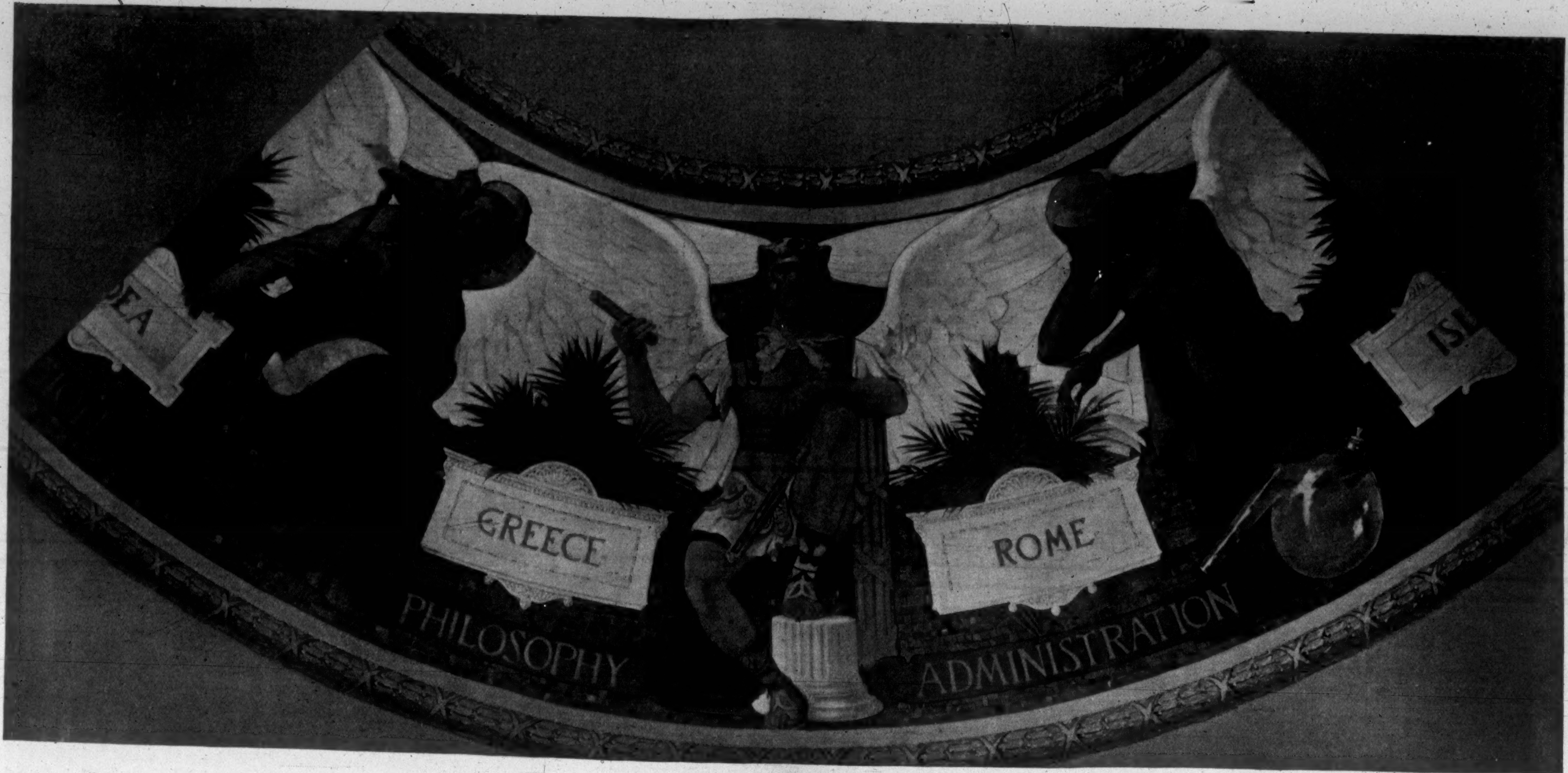
"Four sixty-nine."

"That's what I'm going to advertise them at; and you will see a great run on them to-morrow, for the public has learned that all my announcements are absolutely reliable."

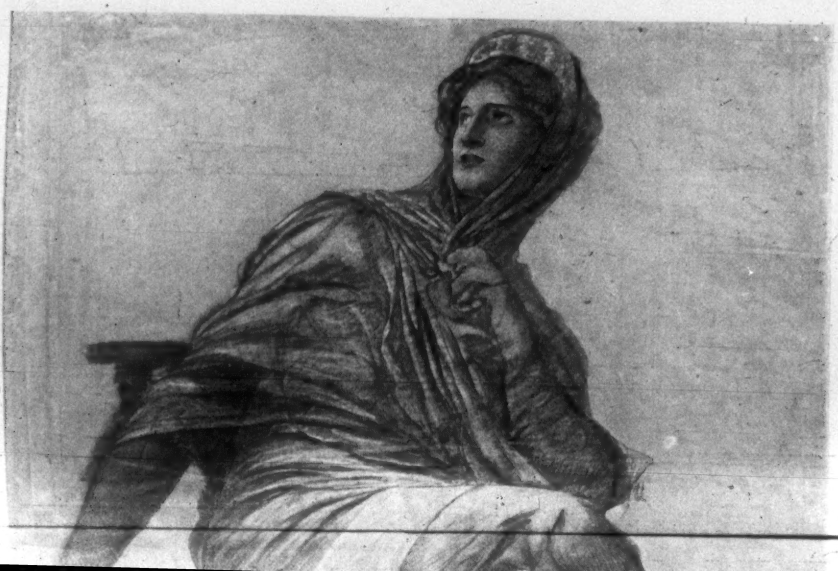
CHARLES H. AUGUR.

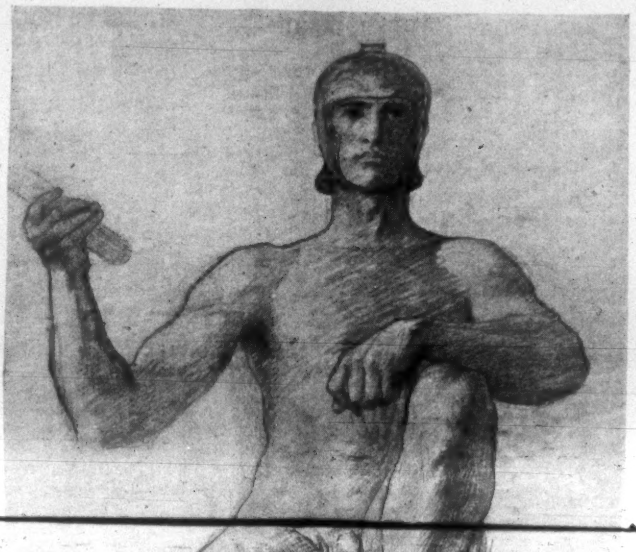


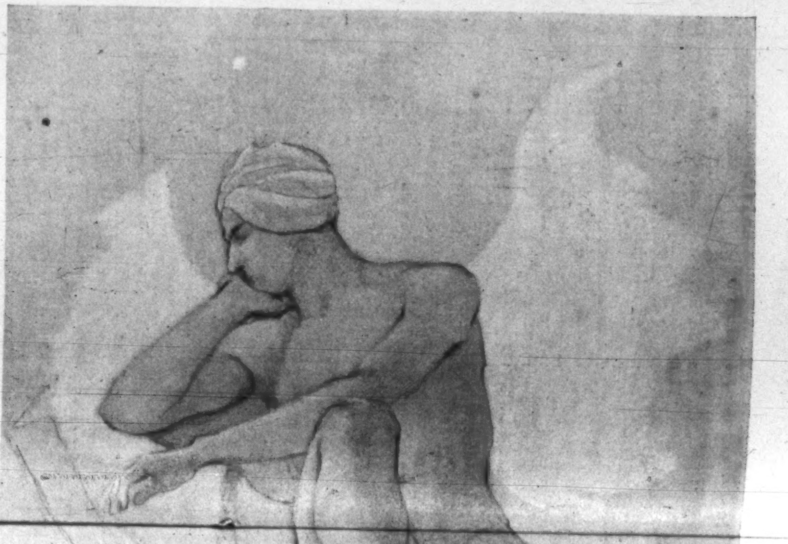
DESIGN SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF FIGURES AROUND THE COLLAR OF THE DOME OVER THE ROTUNDA.

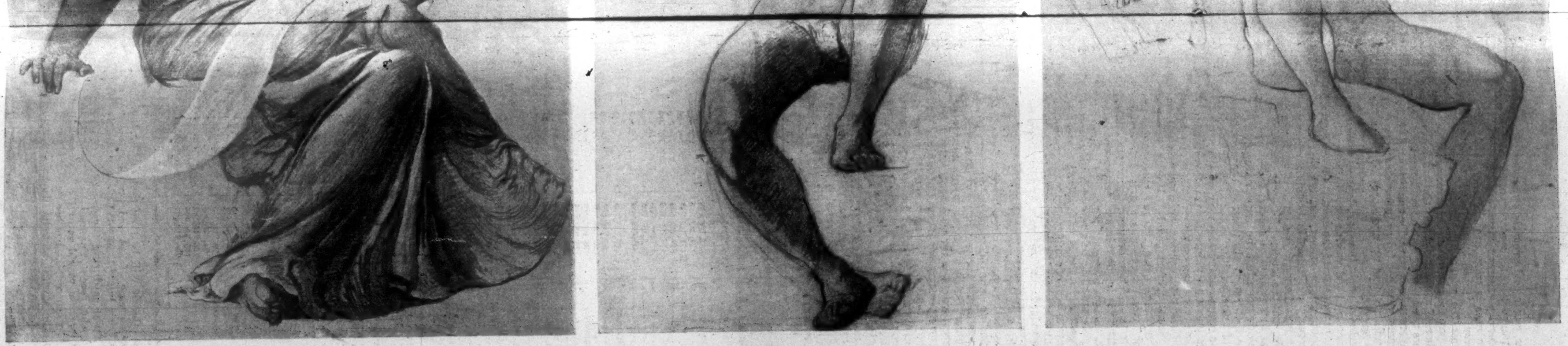

EA
GREECE
PHILOSOPHY
ROME
ADMINISTRATION
IS

QUARTER-SECTION OF FRESCO RUNNING AROUND COLLAR OF DOME OVER THE ROTUNDA.

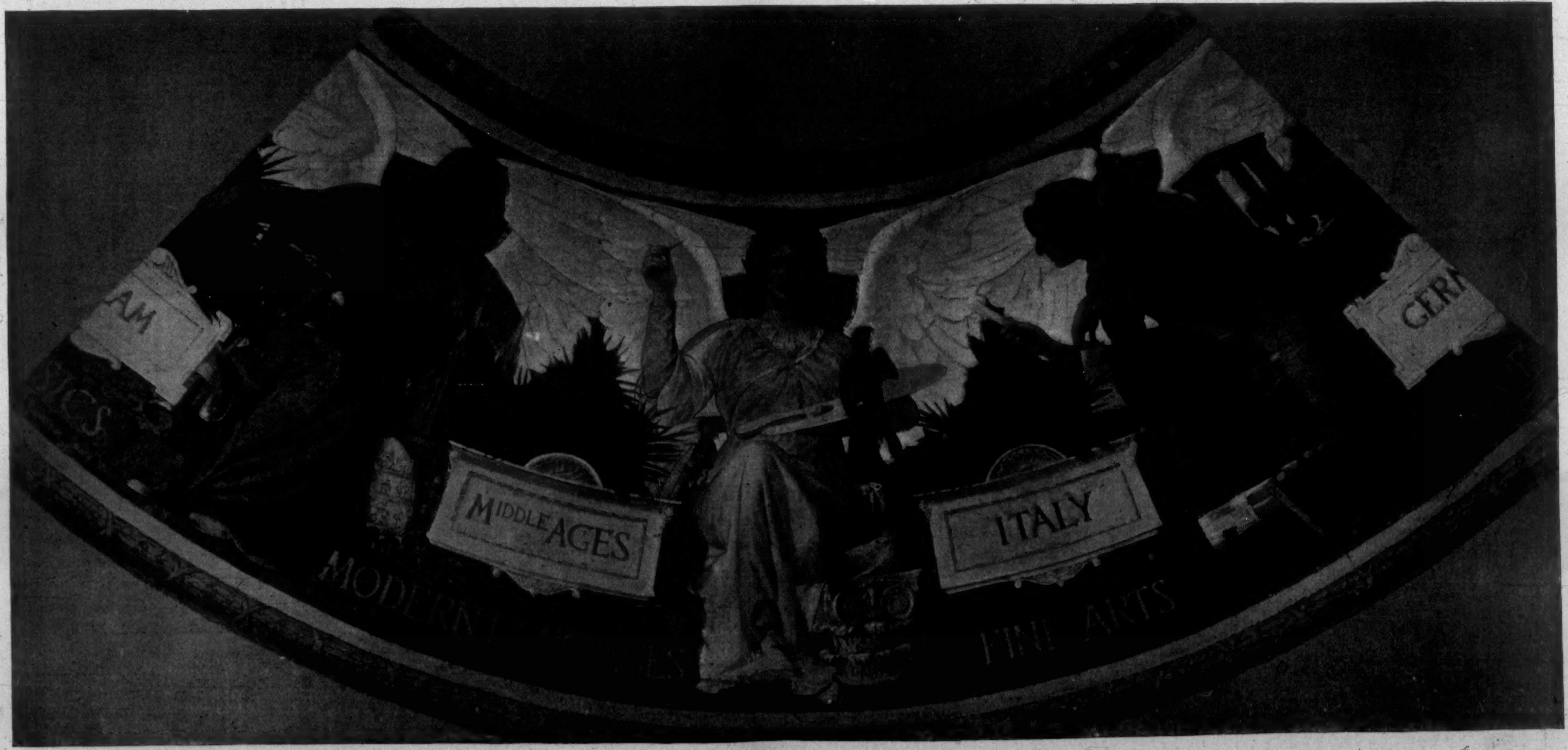








THE ARTIST'S PRELIMINARY STUDIES FOR THE FIGURES OF GREECE, ROME, AND ISLAM.


AM
MIDDLE AGES
ITALY
GER
MODERN
FINE ARTS

QUARTER-SECTION OF FRESCO RUNNING AROUND COLLAR OF DOME OVER THE ROTUNDA.

FRAGMENTS OF EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD'S DECORATIONS FOR THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON, D.C.—[See Page 35.]

DEBT AND VALUATION—1895.

BY J. K. UPTON.

TO ascertain with accuracy the effect which the recent monetary disturbances may have had upon the debt and assessed valuation of the country, I have obtained, through the courtesy of the principal financial officers of the several States, Territories, and cities, their last published financial reports, and have compiled therefrom the figures showing debt, less sinking fund and the assessed valuations of property, at the latest practicable date, and the result will be found below, compared with like figures for 1890, mainly from the publications of the eleventh census.

That the relative extent of the changes in the State and local debt may be better understood, it may be stated in advance that from 1880 to 1890 the aggregate State debt decreased $68,246,706, of which $32,673,716 arose from refunding old debts at a discount, leaving $35,572,990 as the reduction in State debt during the decade through revenues raised by taxation. During the same period the aggregate municipal debt increased $40,114,217, the aggregate in 1890 being $724,463,060.

The following table shows the details of the State debts, the classification into divisions being that of the eleventh census.

States and Territories.	Debt, less Sinking-Fund.	
	1895.	1890.
The United States	$202,801,927	$228,997,389
NORTH ATLANTIC DIVISION	24,625,523	25,140,357
Maine	3,149,000	3,470,908
New Hampshire	2,526,492	2,691,019
Vermont	149,883	148,416
Massachusetts	12,093,233	7,267,349
Rhode Island	1,398,525	422,983
Connecticut	3,240,000	3,740,200
New York	....	2,308,230
New Jersey	293,737	1,022,642
Pennsylvania	2,044,653	4,068,610
SOUTH ATLANTIC DIVISION	72,195,615	89,652,873
Delaware	887,573	887,573
Maryland	5,5[illegible]1,725	8,434,368
District of Columbia	18,193,620	19,781,050
Virginia	28,575,866	34,227,234
West Virginia	....	184,511
North Carolina	3,322,800	7,703,100
South Carolina	6,512,031	6,953,582
Georgia	8,149,500	10,449,542
Florida	1,032,500	1,031,913
NORTH CENTRAL DIVISION	38,330,681	41,656,114
Ohio	6,355,039	7,135,806
Indiana	7,289,422	8,538,059
Illinois	1,183,907	1,184,907
Michigan	5,677,947	5,308,294
Wisconsin	2,251,000	2,295,391
Minnesota	1,892,183	2,239,482
Iowa	....	245,435
Missouri	10,068,420	11,759,832
North Dakota	845,807	703,769
South Dakota	1,040,200	871,600
Nebraska	925,756	253,870
Kansas	801,000	1,119,658
SOUTH CENTRAL DIVISION	57,499,316	66,281,194
Kentucky	2,295,710	1,671,133
Tennessee	19,669,974	19,695,974
Alabama	12,413,196	12,413,196
Mississippi	3,244,512	3,503,009
Louisiana	11,262,165	16,008,585
Texas	3,992,030	4,317,515
Arkansas	4,621,729	8,671,782
WESTERN DIVISION	9,880,792	6,266,853
Montana	....	167,815
Wyoming	320,000	320,000
Colorado	3,088,289	599,851
New Mexico	928,000	870,000
Arizona	938,721	757,159
Utah	....	....
Nevada	555,000	509,525
Idaho	463,469	218,493
Washington	1,307,322	300,000
Oregon	2,499	1,685
California	2,277,500	2,522,325

It will be seen that in the aggregate the debt has been reduced during the last five years $26,195,462. Of this amount, however, about $19,000,000 arose from discounting the debt in refunding or from omitting to report accrued interest overdue as debt in the States of Louisiana, North Carolina, Virginia, and Arkansas, leaving approximately $7,000,000 as the reduction by application of revenues during the five years in question, as against more than $35,000,000 during the decade immediately previous to 1890. That the States should reduce their bonded obligations, however, at all during such a period of financial depression as the country has recently passed through is a source of gratification and of national pride.

The detailed figures show a decrease in all divisions except the Western.

Of the North Atlantic division, Massachusetts, however, shows an increase of nearly $5,000,000 during the five years, arising mainly, it seems, from the loaning by the State of its credit to municipalities to aid in constructing a better sewerage system, introducing a better water supply, and promoting other public improvements. The municipality benefited pays the interest, and the bonds on their maturity. The net debt for which the State is primarily responsible is but $4,377,663, a considerable decrease since 1890. The increase in the State of Rhode Island arises from the issue of a loan for the construction of a new State-house. Vermont has no bonded debt bearing interest, the amount of debt reported being an obligation of the State to the Agricultural College fund, on which the State pays interest. New York alone, of this division, has no debt of any kind, but it is understood the people of the State have recently voted favorably upon the proposition for a loan of $9,000,000 for the improvement of the canals of the State. The reduction of debt in New Jersey and Pennsylvania has been persistently maintained, and, if continued at the same rate, these States will have no debt to report for the next census.

Of the South Atlantic division no State has increased its indebtedness during the five-year period, while Maryland and Georgia have shown marked reduction.

Of the North Central division, South Dakota and Nebraska show each a decided increase; Minnesota and Kansas, considerable decrease. Iowa alone reports no indebtedness, but Illinois has no interest-bearing bonded debt, the debt reported being mainly an obligation of the State to the School Fund. Of the South Central division, Kentucky alone shows any increase; and that is of comparatively small amount. Alabama furnished no report later than 1890. Texas reports a small decrease. Arkansas reports no details of its reduction, but it is not thought that any such amount as indicated has been paid from its revenues, as the State for many years has been largely in default in payment of its obligations. The amount of overdue interest has probably been omitted in the debt reported for 1895.

Of the Western division Montana and Utah report no debt, and the small debt of Oregon arises from overdue bonds on which interest has ceased. Excepting California, which shows a decrease, and Wyoming, which, as far as reported, remains unchanged, the other States and Territories show an increase of their respective debts. This increase is especially marked in Colorado and Washington.

The debt of Colorado and of other Northern States west of the Mississippi is made up generally of interest-bearing Treasury warrants. Under the law in these States, when a warrant is presented for payment, the State Treasurer, if he thinks the condition of the public funds would not justify a further depletion of them, returns the document to the owner, with the date of presentation stamped thereon, and the information that from that date the warrant will bear interest, usually at six per cent. per annum, until funds shall be available for its payment, of which time due notice will be given, and interest will then cease. Such warrants become fruitful subjects of speculation and public scandal, but their issue seems to be a popular method of raising money throughout several Western States, notwithstanding the many objections thereto, evident to every one familiar with the issue of public obligations.

The aggregate municipal debt for 1895 cannot be readily obtained, as more than 44,000 of such public corporations in this country have power to incur a debt, and most of them have not neglected the opportunity to do so. About two-thirds of the municipal debt in 1890 was incurred, however, by cities having a population of 50,000 or upwards, and the reports and statements of the principal executive officers of these cities for 1895 have been received, and they show the respective amounts for that period. These figures are compared below with those for 1890, as indicating to a great degree the trend of this class of indebtedness. Kansas City, Missouri, is omitted from the list, that city having largely extended its borders since 1890, rendering any comparison of this character of no value.

Municipalities arranged in Order of Population.	Debt, less Sinking-Fund.	
	1895.	1890.
Total	$565,665,539	$465,610,739
New York, New York	129,286,188	102,486,073
Chicago, Illinois	16,999,783	13,180,254
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	33,139,695	29,622,795
Brooklyn, New York	49,734,000	34,639,542
St. Louis, Missouri	20,860,845	21,625,144
Boston, Massachusetts	37,737,812	28,175,496
Baltimore, Maryland	29,542,985	31,810,935
San Francisco, California	260,871	747,627
Cincinnati, Ohio	28,926,000	24,737,611
Cleveland, Ohio	5,950,104	6,143,206
Buffalo, New York	11,535,503	10,843,029
New Orleans, Louisiana	15,342,516	16,897,454
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania	7,949,639	10,026,806
Detroit, Michigan	3,359,924	2,215,226
Milwaukee, Wisconsin	5,153,700	2,915,900
Newark, New Jersey	12,313,510	8,476,000
Minneapolis, Minnesota	6,458,699	6,420,767
Jersey City, New Jersey	17,180,906	17,369,021
Louisville, Kentucky	6,897,231	6,465,647
Omaha, Nebraska	3,011,100	1,816,100
Rochester, New York	8,435,080	5,257,959
St. Paul, Minnesota	9,841,800	7,264,090
Providence, Rhode Island	12,761,216	8,018,992
Denver, Colorado	2,213,000	650,000
Indianapolis, Indiana	1,915,500	1,846,672
Allegheny, Pennsylvania	2,447,330	1,527,487
Albany, New York	3,884,478	4,252,123
Columbus, Ohio	6,575,859	4,423,400
Syracuse, New York	5,163,336	1,438,500
Worcester, Massachusetts	2,827,336	2,809,927
Toledo, Ohio	5,524,272	3,495,809
Richmond, Virginia	7,067,648	6,054,558
New Haven, Connecticut	2,101,046	1,908,692
Paterson, New Jersey	2,985,305	1,605,093
Lowell, Massachusetts	3,061,722	2,172,775
Nashville, Tennessee	3,067,000	2,727,871
Scranton, Pennsylvania	707,658	361,735
Fall River, Massachusetts	2,991,085	2,637,409
Cambridge, Massachusetts	3,4[illegible]6,126	2,363,781
Atlanta, Georgia	2,961,000	2,212,500
Memphis, Tennessee	3,100,800	3,241,877
Wilmington, Delaware	2,940,000	1,280,000
Dayton, Ohio	3,545,810	1,607,188
Troy, New York	1,381,287	1,106,106
Grand Rapids, Michigan	1,763,900	762,000
Reading, Pennsylvania	968,515	829,686
Camden, New Jersey	1,267,800	442,987
Trenton, New Jersey	576,174	953,528
Lynn, Massachusetts	3,324,060	2,278,959
Lincoln, Nebraska	1,879,000	1,526,569
Charleston, South Carolina	3,851,200	3,972,113
Hartford, Connecticut	3,009,534	3,273,020
St. Joseph, Missouri	1,339,829	1,626,226
Evansville, Indiana	2,175,489	2,145,000
Los Angeles, California	1,562,650	514,633
Des Moines, Iowa	863,840	406,841

It will be seen that the increase of indebtedness of these cities alone, during the last five years, has been just about $100,000,000, against an increase in all municipalities during the decade preceding of only about $40,000,000. A further examination of the table shows that in the cities of New York, Brooklyn, and Boston more than one-half of this increase has been incurred. The increase in many other cities has been, however, relatively greater than in those cities, Syracuse, Omaha, Toledo, Grand Rapids, Camden, Lynn, Los Angeles, and Des Moines having a noticeably greater rate. The cities of St. Louis, Baltimore, San Francisco, Cleveland, New Orleans, Pittsburg, Trenton, Albany, Hartford, and St. Joseph have decreased their respective indebtedness to a greater or less extent, the decrease in the case of Pittsburg being very marked.

The fact, however, remains that the increase of municipal indebtedness is general, and at a rate much higher than existed during the decade previous to 1890. Probably the municipalities not reported would also show a corresponding increase.

The cause of such increase is fully shown by an examination of the several municipal reports. Without exception of any note, the increase has arisen from the issue of loans to aid in construction of public buildings, purchase of building sites, parks, and grounds, extension of sewers and streets, furnishing better water supply, or in some way for the general permanent improvement of the city affected. In no case is there any evidence that the increase arose from any maladministration of municipal affairs, or against the wishes of the tax-payers, whose business it is to pay the interest on the increased debt, and the principal thereof at maturity. If the tax-payers are content, outsiders need not grumble, but it might be well even for tax-payers to look over the condition of affairs, and ask themselves whether future generations, as they pay the loans, will not rise up and apply objectionable epithets to their fathers.

The actual burden of a debt, however, depends more upon the amount of accumulated wealth on which it is based than upon the apparent size of the debt. The amount of wealth in any country can, at best, be only an estimate. The value of property ascertained and established for purposes of taxation is perhaps the best index of such wealth readily accessible; but the tendency of some States to include in their tax lists moneys on deposit and other forms of credits, which do not affect the aggregate wealth of a State, impairs to that extent the value of the assessment as an indication of actual wealth. The articles included for assessment in the several States also vary greatly. Thus, in some States railroads are valued for taxation like other property, while in other States taxes on such corporations are levied upon their net earnings or gross receipts, no valuation being placed upon the roads. Within the same State there are, in several cases, two assessments, one on which to levy the taxes, the other as a basis of apportionment of the State tax. Then between the several States there is a great disparity in the relation the assessed bears to the true value, though in nearly if not every State the law requires the assessment to be a fair cash valuation of the property assessed. In the New England States the assessment appears to be made substantially in accordance with the law, but elsewhere, in many cases, property is notoriously undervalued, admittedly so, by the officers responsible for the valuation given. The classes exempted from taxation also vary in the several States. Hence a change in the assessed value may result from including some new or excluding some old species of property from the lists, or from assessing the property at different relations to its true value. But, in a general way, an increase or decrease to any great extent in the assessment list will indicate a change corresponding somewhat to the change in the property of any locality. A comparison therefore of assessed values between two periods indicates to a reasonable degree of accuracy any changes in the property values in the same territory between the dates compared.

The increase of value in assessed property in the United States from 1880 to 1890 was $8,333,269,923.

The following table shows the assessed value of property in the United States in 1895 compared with the valuations in 1890. The classification into divisions is that adopted by the eleventh census:

States and Territories.	Assessed Valuation.	
	1895.	1890.
The United States	$27,884,418,733	$25,425,863,485
THE ATLANTIC DIVISION	12,240,912,180	10,908,667,585
Maine	324,478,321	309,129,101
New Hampshire	286,756,618	263,059,798
Vermont	176,051,365	162,098,513
Massachusetts	2,471,521,505	2,154,134,626
Rhode Island	321,764,503	321,764,503
Connecticut	416,323,252	358,913,956
New York	4,199,882,058	3,785,910,313
New Jersey	996,457,705	893,859,866
Pennsylvania	3,047,676,853	2,659,796,909
SOUTH ATLANTIC DIVISION	2,426,208,333	2,215,070,760
Delaware	66,210,519	66,210,519
Maryland	529,138,103	*482,184,824
District of Columbia	188,922,343	153,307,541
Virginia	452,351,213	415,249,107
West Virginia	220,007,517	186,964,770
North Carolina	262,796,816	235,300,674
South Carolina	173,508,269	168,262,668
Georgia	429,012,923	415,828,948
Florida	104,260,630	91,761,711
NORTH CENTRAL DIVISION	8,358,914,162	7,676,769,418
Ohio	1,742,662,115	1,778,138,477
Indiana	1,282,753,418	856,838,472
Illinois	824,651,627	809,682,926
Michigan	898,155,532	898,155,532
Wisconsin	624,707,113	577,066,252
Minnesota	642,903,651	588,820,213
Iowa	559,650,824	519,246,110
Missouri	1,054,080,459	887,975,928
North Dakota	88,605,239	88,203,054
South Dakota	126,868,344	140,154,930
Nebraska	183,717,499	184,770,305
Kansas	329,939,031	347,717,219
SOUTH CENTRAL DIVISION	2,692,750,850	2,546,065,973
Kentucky	625,566,394	547,596,788
Tennessee	361,023,694	382,760,191
Alabama	260,172,590	258,979,575
Mississippi	157,058,436	166,772,279
Louisiana	250,043,503	234,320,780
Texas	865,120,989	780,898,605
Arkansas	173,763,244	174,737,755
WESTERN DIVISION	2,165,633,208	2,079,289,729
Montana	118,850,[illegible]92	112,937,384
Wyoming	29,838,938	32,536,401
Colorado	208,905,270	230,554,064
New Mexico	41,128,621	43,227,286
Arizona	27,061,975	28,050,234
Utah	99,503,243	106,110,370
Nevada	23,810,015	25,350,094
Idaho	24,830,263	25,748,437
Washington	226,245,182	217,612,897
Oregon	159,540,406	166,025,731
California	1,205,918,405	1,101,136,431

* Changed from local to State valuation for purpose of comparison.

From the above table it will be seen that during the last five years the increase of assessed property in the United States has been but $2,458,855,248—a rate only about one-half as great as during the decade ending in 1890. In view of the recent financial disturbances, a lower rate of such increase would naturally be expected. The increase, however, since 1890, has been generally well distributed among the several sections of the country, every division showing an increase.

In the Atlantic division every State shows an increase except Rhode Island, of which no recent valuation, if published, could be obtained, but there is an increase in its principal cities, and probably in the State. New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, of this division, show a marked increase, both in amount and rate.

In the South Atlantic division Florida has shown the highest percentage of gain, but every State shows a good increase, except Delaware, the figures of which for any year since 1890 are not published, and the changes are therefore unknown.

In the North Central division South Dakota alone shows a marked decrease in assessed values, though Ohio, Nebraska, and Kansas show a slight decrease. Indiana shows a remarkable gain—greater both in amount and per cent. than that shown by any other State in the Union—the increase amounting, during the five years, to $425,914,946, or nearly fifty per cent., an amount greater than the entire valuation of Virginia, Georgia, or the combined value of Vermont and New Hampshire in 1890, and the State Auditor declares that the next assessment will show a still further increase of value.

In the South Central division some decrease of value is shown in Tennessee and Mississippi, a slight decrease in Arkansas, but in Kentucky, Louisiana, and Texas a more than compensating increase is shown.

In the Western division, owing to the large increase in California, and a considerable increase in Montana and Washington, the aggregate shows an increase, but other States of the division show a greater or lesser decrease, that of Colorado being the greatest in amount and rate, the decrease being $21,648,794, or about nine per cent., with indications that the next assessment will be still less. It would seem that the ravages of the financial storm have been felt more severely in this division than elsewhere. Two causes have, without doubt, largely contributed to the depression of values in this section. Several of the States had been but recently settled to any great extent, and a known inflation of values existed in 1890, which needed only to be pricked to bring about a collapse. Then the fall in the value of silver, a metal largely produced in this section, could but affect unfavorably mining enterprises, on which the prosperity of the section largely depended. In most of the States thus affected, however, the limit of low values seems to have been reached, and in all there are abundant indications of a returning prosperity.

The increase in the total assessed value of the entire country has been largely due to an increase of such values in the large cities. The following table shows the assessed value in 1895 of cities having a population in 1890 of 50,000 or upwards, compared with like valuations for 1890. Kansas City omitted, as before.

Municipalities arranged in order of Population.	Assessed Valuation.	
	1895.	1890.
Total	$9,428,423,268	$7,924,505,811
New York, New York	1,933,518,529	1,618,740,805
Chicago, Illinois	247,425,442	219,356,280
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania	1,076,377,701	974,338,294
Brooklyn, New York	545,683,540	445,038,201
St. Louis, Missouri	326,463,600	204,254,050
Boston, Massachusetts	928,109,043	822,041.800
Baltimore, Maryland	286,409,352	278,249.691
San Francisco, California	325,108,898	301,553,410
Cincinnati, Ohio	188,129,540	177,773,240
Cleveland, Ohio	132,639,905	99,614,055
Buffalo, New York	230.126,405	160,266,391
New Orleans, Louisiana	140,654,475	131,915,059
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania	287,322,894	157,959.04[illegible]
Detroit, Michigan	209,586,330	143,993,438
Milwaukee, Wisconsin	142,926,395	105,484,055
Newark, New Jersey	130,085,787	112,512,530
Minneapolis, Minnesota	134,478,572	137,102,176
Jersey City, New Jersey	85,068,980	76,121,955
Louisville, Kentucky	91,020,776	81,306,916
Omaha, Nebraska	19,654,466	19,989,715
Rochester, New York	105,470,250	89,582,322
St. Paul, Minnesota	123,349,205	121,439,930
Providence, Rhode Island	169,784,560	140,617,060
Denver, Colorado	69,512,000	66,624,750
Indianapolis, Indiana	103,317,880	58,205,890
Allegheny, Pennsylvania	79,098,950	58,270,479
Albany, New York	64,895,635	62,556,881
Columbus, Ohio	59,939,040	43,663,270
Syracuse, New York	48,665,385	43,488,982
Worcester, Massachusetts	86,503,826	73,417,460
Toledo, Ohio	45,455,240	34,422,600
Richmond, Virginia	63,282,372	47,918.340
New Haven, Connecticut	54,344,500	50,739,536
Paterson, New Jersey	39,287,903	28.824,280
Lowell, Massachusetts	69,091,536	62,046,799
Nashville, Tennessee	37,520,500	33,565,725
Scranton, Pennsylvania	18,148.740	15,758,237
Fall River, Massachusetts	63,638,563	53,474,458
Cambridge, Massachusetts	77,535,620	67,471,925
Atlanta, Georgia	53,878,345	42,636,499
Memphis, Tennessee	35,494,877	39,558,105
Wilmington, Delaware	37,726,411	24,769,713
Dayton, Ohio	41,048,210	30,723,730
Troy, New York	46,987,389	45,186,773
Grand Rapids, Michigan	25,500,000	21,625,202
Reading, Pennsylvania	40,747,680	31,654,901
Camden, New Jersey	33,090.988	17,912,050
Trenton, New Jersey	28,212,703	28,033,248
Lynn, Massachusetts	49,453,671	40,721,028
Lincoln, Nebraska	5,729,373	5,476,864
Charleston, South Carolina	23,322,002	18,865,502
Hartford, Connecticut	51,334,563	47,355,939
St. Joseph, Missouri	24,219,074	24,802,060
Evansville, Indiana	26,947,340	22,231,740
Los Angeles, California	48,814,145	49,320,670
Des Moines, Iowa	16,284,162	13,931,760

It will be seen that in the aggregate these cities show an increase of $1,503,917,457, about five-eighths of the entire gain in the country. Of these cities New York shows the greatest amount of gain, the increase being $314,777,724, or about twenty per cent. Other cities, however, show a greater gain per cent., to wit: Camden, 84; Pittsburg, 82; Indianapolis, 78; St. Louis, 60; Wilmington, 54; Detroit, 46; Buffalo, 43; Columbus, 37; Paterson 36; Milwaukee, 35; Cleveland and Dayton, 33 each; Richmond and Toledo, 32 each; Reading, 28; Atlanta, 26; Charleston, 24; Brooklyn 22. Of the cities named in the table, Omaha, Memphis, St. Joseph, and Los Angeles show a decrease of value during the period in question.

The increase in the aggregate of debt ascertained during the past five years has been about fifteen per cent. Should this rate hold good for the debt of counties, other municipalities, and school districts for the next five years, the total State and local debt in 1900 will be $1,475,773,575. It probably will not be greater. Let us hope it may be less.

Should the rate of increase of assessed valuations since 1890 be maintained during the remainder of the decade, there will result an assessed value of property in 1900 of $30,500,000,000, and should the value of property assessed for taxation be then about thirty-eight per cent. of the true value of all property in the country, as it was in 1880 and in 1890, the true value of all classes of wealth in the United States in the year 1900 will be nearly $80,000,000,000—about five times as much as the census valuation of wealth in the United States in 1860, upon the breaking out of the civil war.

No other nation claims such an accumulation of wealth. Great Britain, the next richest nation whose wealth has been declared, is estimated by Professor Mulhall to contain of wealth but $45,684,000,000, while Russia, which more nearly approximates the United States in population, is estimated by the same authority at only $24,732,540,000. At best such estimates are, to a certain extent, based upon insufficient and unreliable data, but there is no doubt that the wealth of this country is far greater than that of any other country in the world, and is rapidly increasing, though at a rate which cannot at present be definitely ascertained.

THE DISPUTED TERRITORY.

GUIANA, meaning the Wild Coast, embraces an extent of territory of 690,000 square miles. That part lying south of the Orinoco River, and once known as Spanish Guiana, contains very rich gold deposits. The extent of these gold-fields is much greater and richer than is generally supposed. The evidence of gold, slight on the Orinoco, increases in the interior, and as the major part of this country is a vast unexplored wilderness, the extent of the auriferous territory is as yet undetermined. There is every reason to believe, however, that it covers an area extending far into Brazil, and as gold deposits have been discovered in French Guiana, there is no reason to doubt but that the gold-fields may cover the whole extent of the Guianas.

Until recently but little attention was given to the interior of this vast wilderness, inhabited by a few wandering tribes of naked barbarians. A few Spanish missions had been founded in that part belonging to Spain, and these in turn had been abandoned for want of a people to fill them, while the Dutch confined themselves to their plantations upon the banks of the rivers near the coast. After the colonies of Demerara and Berbice were ceded to the English, an occasional exploring party navigated the rivers far into the interior. But it remained for the Venezuelans to discover the precious metal.

Although ancient tradition states that gold is to be found in abundance in Guiana, there was no positive evidence of its availability until a party of Venezuelans began washing the gold from the earth in an extravagant and crude way upon the Yuruari River. Then a population began to spring up within the splendid forest, and as early as 1860 the Venezuelans had explored some 40,000 miles of wilderness, the whole of which was reported to be auriferous.

The gold is found mixed as gold-dust with sand and mud, again it is found in small grains and nuggets in the gold-bearing clay beneath the surface, and then it is found in quartz rock. Since the establishment of the first mining-camp near the Yuruari River, at the old mission of Tupuquen, roads have been opened and towns and villages organized, all within territory now claimed by the English. This is what is known as the Caratal mining district, although only one company has as yet operated there on an extensive scale, which is the Callao Mining Company.

To reach the mines, passengers on the ocean steamers are first carried up the Orinoco to Ciudad Bolivar, and then returned to Las Tablas, where the road begins. Beds are not used in this part of the world, and the traveller is expected to provide himself with a hammock, which he may swing anywhere between two posts or two trees, and which he will find, after a hard day's journey, to be indeed a luxury.

The journey of 150 miles is generally performed on mule-back, while the bulk of the freight is transported in ox-carts, although many little native donkeys contribute their share. There are twenty miles of road over white sandy plains, upon which the sun shines fiercely, almost blinding and baking one at the same time, unless he be fortunate enough to have provided himself with a big sunshade and a pair of blue goggles. The first day's ride is to Boca del Monte—as the name signifies, the mouth of the forest—a distance of fifty miles from Las Tablas. The place consists of a collection of ranches, and is generally enlivened by the gathering there of a motley crowd of teamsters and donkey-drivers.

Upata is a small mining-village half a day's journey further on, where a halt is made for breakfast. Agua Salida is the next stop for the night, where an open shed provides the only shelter, although by hard riding Cuasipati, the capital of the Yuruari territory, may be reached.

From Cuasipati it is not far to Callao, the famous mine, out of which $25,000,000 in gold has been taken. It is in the centre of the district which has produced over $50,000,000 since the Venezuelans first began their operations upon the Yuruari River.

The Callao Mining Company is a Venezuelan organization which began on such adverse conditions that its shares were hardly considered worth the paper upon which they were printed, one of them having been traded for a jug of rum. The company has since paid its shareholders $10,000,000 in dividends, and the share which bought the rum has made its possessor immensely rich. At present the company is in a somewhat lethargic state, owing to the pending difficulties with Great Britain, and the anticipation of further and more serious complications of the boundary dispute.

The working of the mine has gathered together a population of 5000 people, representing many nationalities. A large proportion of these are West Indian negroes, who do most of the work in the mines, as the native laborers of Venezuela cannot be induced to work in the dark excavations below the surface of the earth. The place which has thus grown up within the solitudes of a previously uninhabited forest takes the name of the mine, Callao, and has an air of activity, for when the inhabitants are not working they are feasting. To carry on the work of penetrating the bowels of the earth for the precious metal, bringing the ore to the surface, and crushing it, a large amount of machinery is employed. There is a machine-shop, with the necessary tools for repairing the mining machinery, a foundry, a boiler shop, and a blacksmith shop. The place contains also a saw-mill, and there is a narrow-gauge railroad for bringing ore from the neighboring lodes of Colombia, Tigre, and Panamá.

A force of police is employed by the company to prevent the stealing of gold by the negro miners, who are adepts at secreting little pieces of rich ore and the pure gold itself, which they chip out of the rocks and often succeed in hiding in the most mysterious places imaginable. At one time the stealing was carried on so openly and to such an extent that the negroes paid the superintendent of the mines three times the amount of their scheduled pay for the privilege of working in the mine.

The mercantile trade of Callao is chiefly in the hands of French, Germans, Italians, and Spaniards, while the mechanics are principally Americans and English. As yet the Callao Company is the only one which has worked any of the gold-bearing quartz lodes of the Yuruari territory, and as the extent of this territory is as large as France, the amount of gold which this country may eventually yield can only be conjectured.

A wagon road has been extended from Callao a distance of seventy-five miles to the Cuyuni River, where the government has placed a garrison opposite the station previously erected by the English, who, by means of the Cuyuni River, have found a much easier way of penetrating the forest wilds than by building roads.

If the English sustain their present claims they will take in the whole of the Caratal mining district, a number of old Spanish missions, and the Venezuelan towns of Cuasipati and Callao. The Venezuelans declare that they will defend the left bank of the Cuyuni from any further encroachments, and there is no doubt, if left to fight it out with the colonists, they could successfully hold their own. But there is little chance for them when Great Britain sends her gunboats to blockade the Orinoco and land her forces at La Guayra.

THOMAS R. DAWLEY.

THROUGH THE GAP.

BY JOHN FOX, JUN.

WHEN thistles go adrift the sun sets down the valley between the hills. When snow comes it goes down behind the Cumberland and streams through a great fissure that people call the Gap. Then the last light drenches the parson's cottage under Imboden Hill, and leaves an after-glow of glory on a majestic heap that lies against the East. Sometimes it spans the Gap with a rainbow.

Strange people and strange tales come through this gap from the Kentucky hills. Through it came these two, late one day—a man and a woman—afoot. I met them at the foot-bridge over Roaring Fork.

"Is thar a preacher anywhar aroun' hyeh?" he asked. I pointed to the cottage under Imboden Hill. The girl flushed slightly and turned her head away with a rather unhappy smile. Without a word the fellow led the way toward town. A moment more and a half-breed Malungian passed me on the bridge and followed them.

At dusk the next day I saw the mountaineer chopping wood at a shanty under a clump of rhododendron on the river-bank. The girl was cooking supper inside. The day following he was at work on the railroad, and on Sunday, after church, I saw the parson. The two had not been to him. Only that afternoon the mountaineer was on the bridge with a woman hideously rouged and with scarlet ribbons fluttering from her bonnet. Passing on by the shanty I saw the Malungian talking to the girl. She apparently paid no heed to him until, just as he was moving away, he said something mockingly, and with a nod of his head back toward the bridge. She did not look up even then, but her face got hard and white, and, looking back from the road, I saw her slipping through the bushes into the dry bed of the creek.

The two men were working side by side on the railroad when I saw them again, but on the first pay-day the doctor was called to attend the Malungian, whose head was split open with a shovel. I was one of two who went out to arrest his assailant, and I had no need to ask who he was. The mountaineer was a devil, the foreman said, and I had to club him with a pistol butt before he would give in. He said he would get even with me; but they all say that, and I paid no attention to the threat. For a week he was kept in the calaboose, and when I passed the shanty just after he was sent to the county-seat for trial, I found it empty. The Malungian, too, was gone. Within a fortnight the mountaineer was in the door of the shanty again. Having no accuser, he had been discharged. He went back to his work, and if he opened his lips I never knew. Every day I saw him at work, and he never failed to give me a surly look. Every dusk I saw him in his doorway, waiting, and I could guess for what. It was easy to believe that the stern purpose in his face would make its way through space and draw her to him again. And she did come back one day. I had just limped down the mountain with a sprained ankle. A crowd of women was gathered at the edge of the woods, looking with all their eyes to the shanty on the river-bank. The girl stood in the doorway. The mountaineer was coming back from work with his face down.

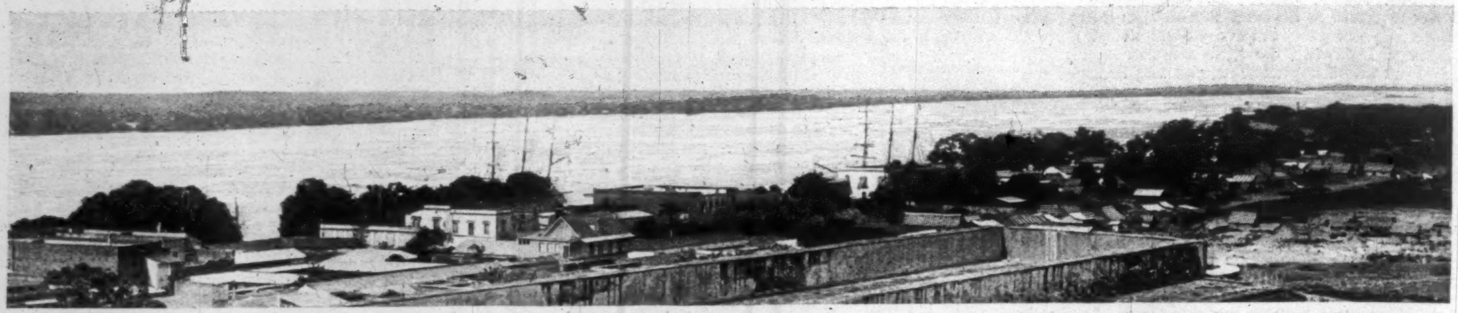
"He hain't seed her yit," said one. "He's goin' to kill her shore. I tol' her he would. She said she reckoned he would, but she didn't keer."

For a moment I was paralyzed by the tragedy at hand. She was in the door looking at him when he raised his head. For one moment he stood still, staring, and then he started toward her with a quickened step. I started too, then, every step a torture, and as I limped ahead she made a gesture of terror and backed into the room before him. The door closed, and I listened for a pistol-shot and a scream. It must have been done with a knife, I thought, and quietly, for when I was within ten paces of the cabin he opened the door again. His face was very white; he held one hand behind him, and he was nervously fumbling at his chin with the other. As he stepped toward me I caught the handle of a pistol in my side pocket and waited. He looked at me sharply.

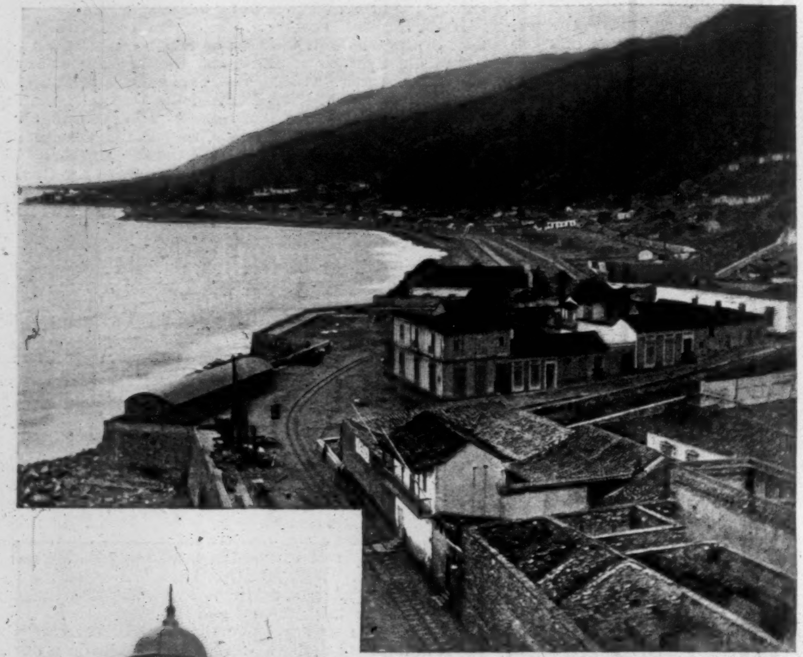
"Did you say the preacher lived up thar?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, breathlessly.

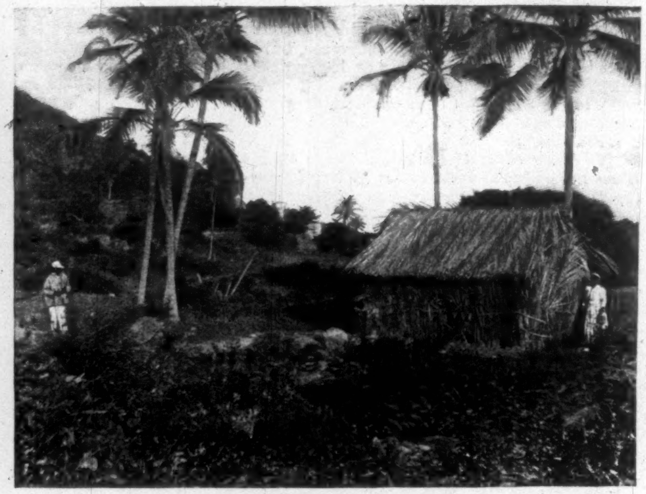
In the doorway just then stood the girl with a bonnet in her hand, and at a nod from him they started up the hill toward the cottage. They came down again after a while, he stalking ahead, and she, after the mountain fashion, behind. And after this fashion I saw them at sunset next day pass over the bridge and into the mouth of the Gap whence they came. Through this gap come strange people and strange tales from the Kentucky hills. Over it, sometimes, is the span of a rainbow.



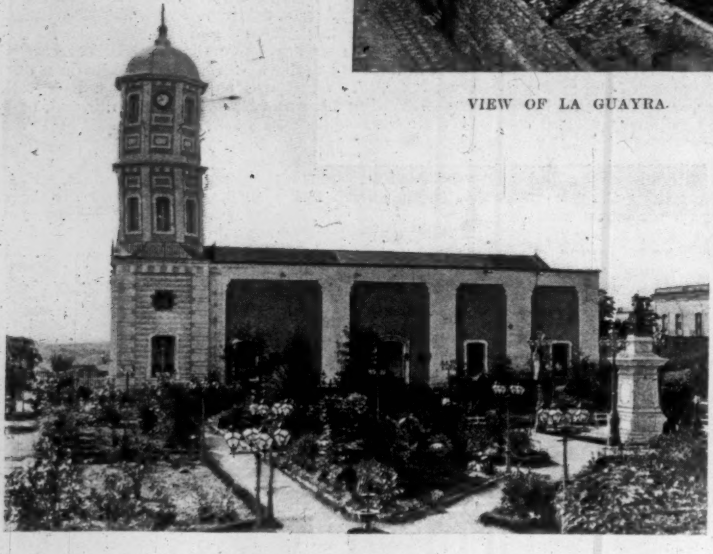
ORINOCO RIVER AS SEEN FROM CIUDAD BOLIVAR.



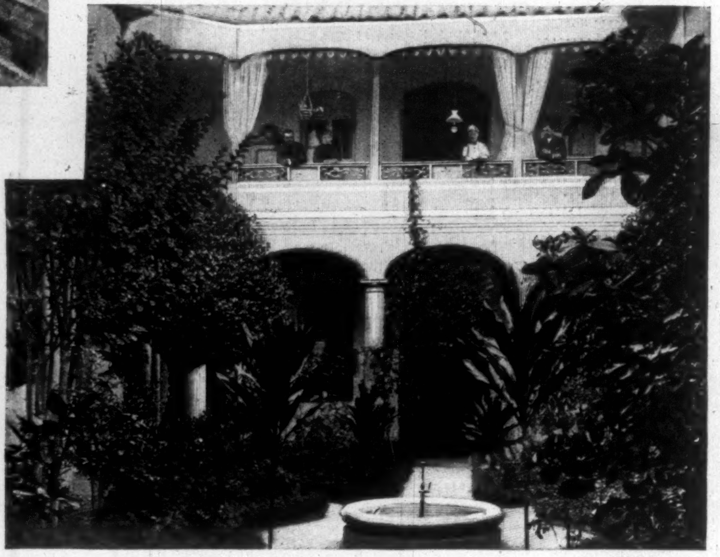
VIEW OF LA GUAYRA.



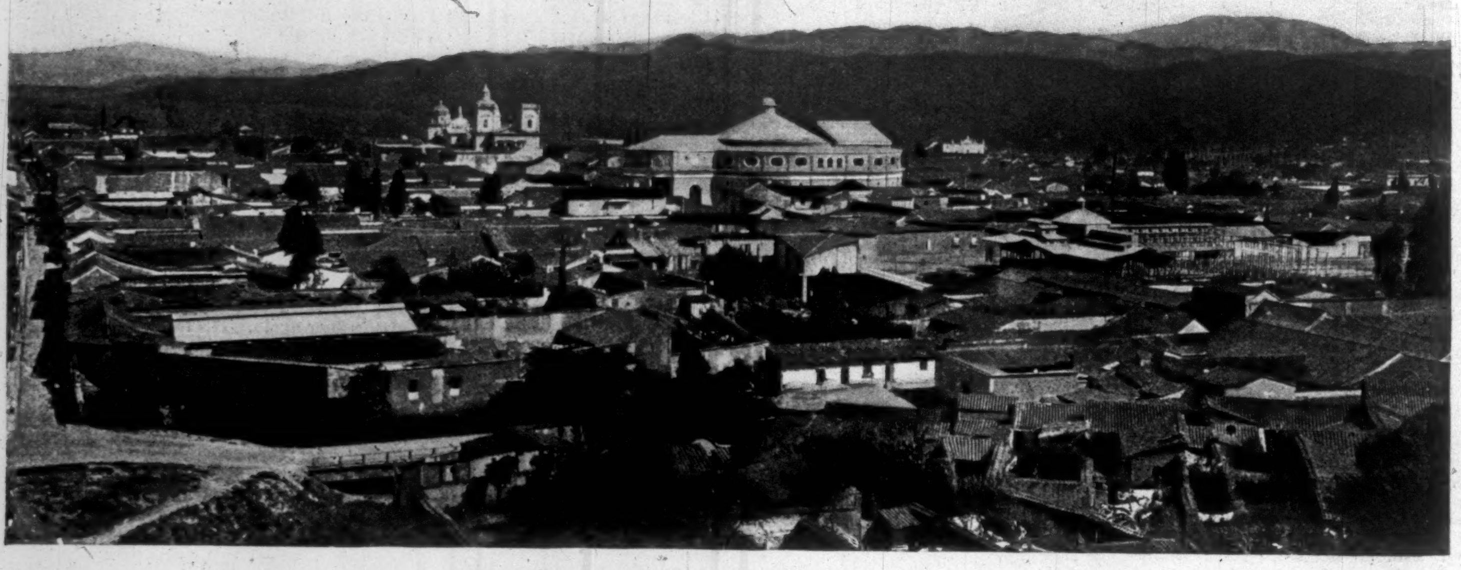
A CLEARING IN THE COUNTRY.



OLD SPANISH CHURCH IN CIUDAD BOLIVAR.

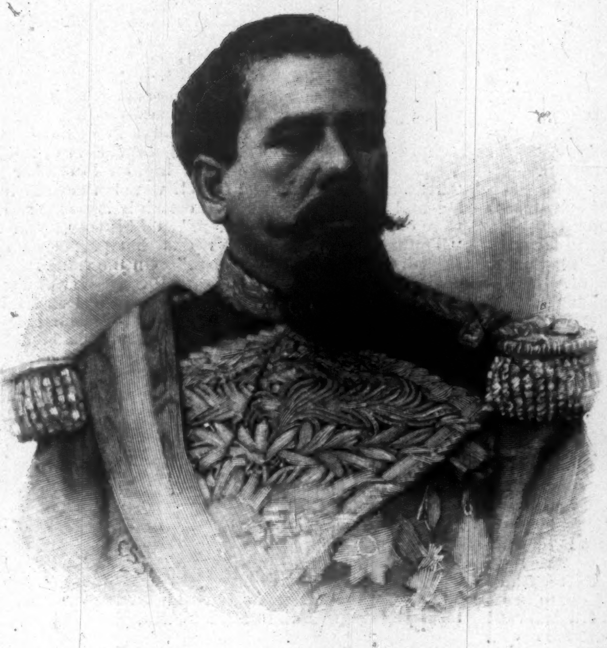


COURT-YARD OF A HOUSE IN CARACAS.



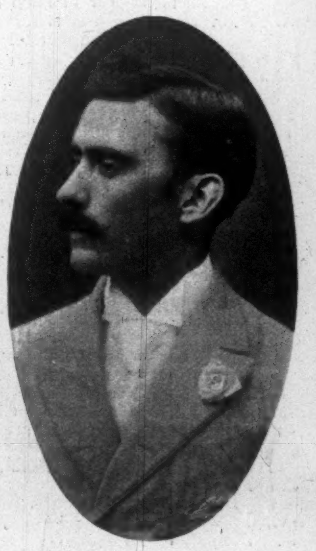
VIEW OF CARACAS.

SCENES IN VENEZUELA.—[SEE PAGE 39.]

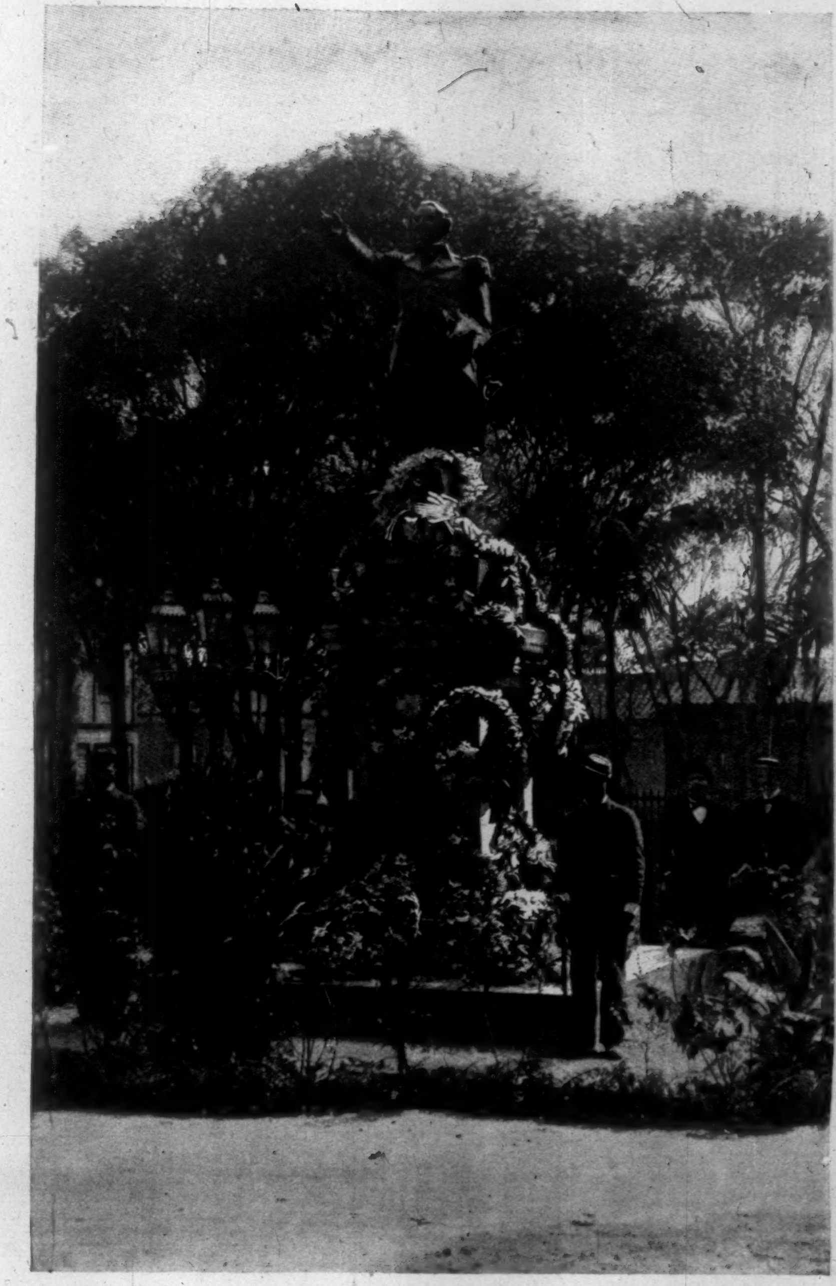


PRESIDENT CRESPO, OF VENEZUELA.

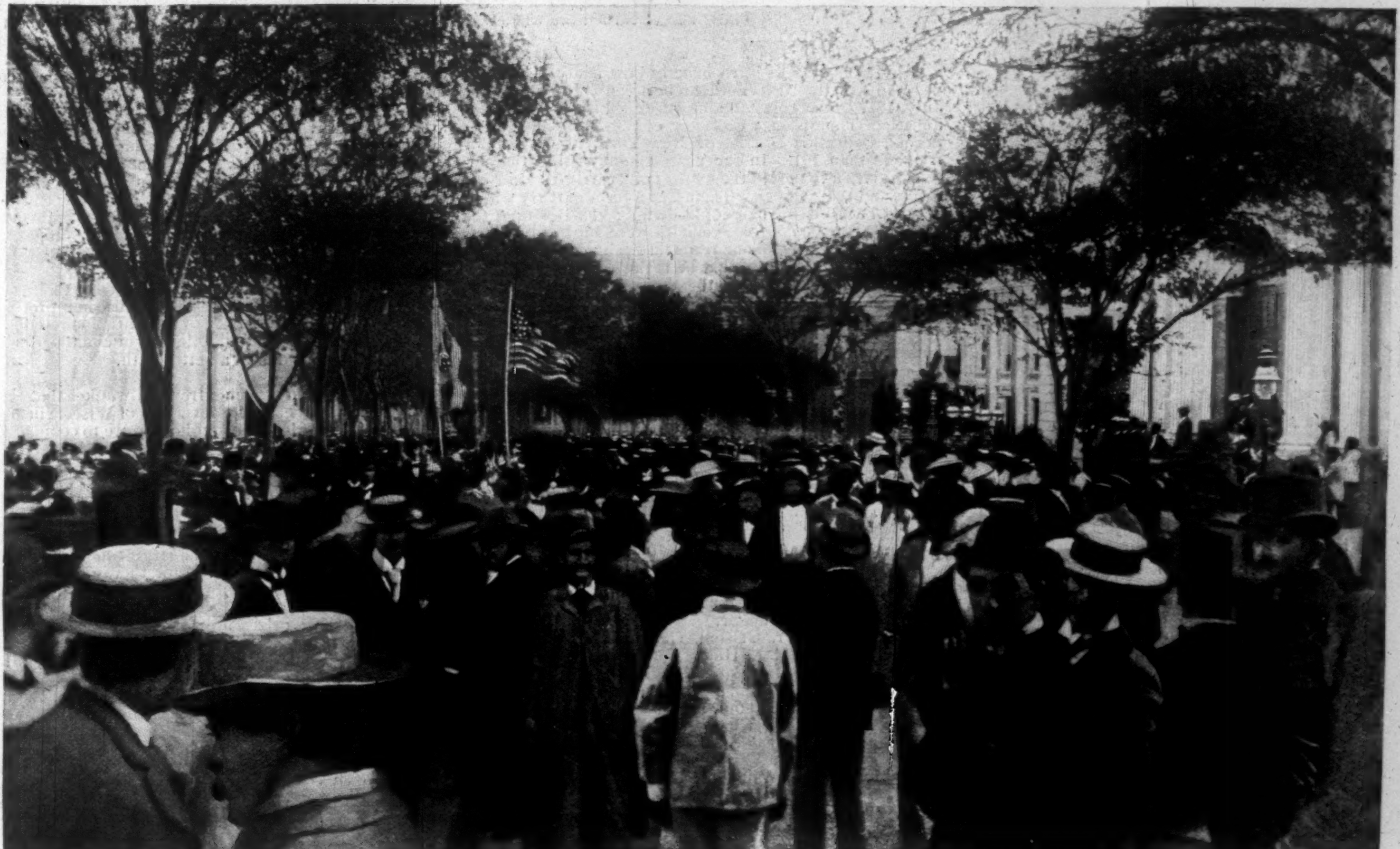
GENERAL RAMON GUERRA,
Minister of War and Marine.



FRANCISCO L. BECERRA,
Who spoke for the People of Caracas at the American Legation.



STATUE OF WASHINGTON DECORATED WITH FLORAL WREATHS BY THE VENEZUELANS.



THE PEOPLE LEAVING THE PLAZA BOLIVAR FOR THE PLAZA WASHINGTON.

THE ANTI-ENGLISH MEETING AT CARACAS, VENEZUELA, DECEMBER 18, 1895.—[See Page 42.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, Lord Salisbury's new poet-laureate, was born in 1835, his father being a merchant and a magistrate of the borough of Leeds. Both his parents were Roman Catholics, and his early education was in the schools of that faith. He took a degree at the University of London in 1853, and was called to the bar of the Inner Temple in 1857. He studied law at the desire of his parents, but his own disposition was toward letters, and at his father's death, in 1861, he abandoned the law and turned writer. His first acknowledged volume of verse appeared in that year. Others followed in persistent succession, and his poetical works in six volumes were published by the Macmillans in 1891. He has written much prose, and has been a leader-writer and special correspondent of the London *Standard*, and a frequent contributor of political and other articles to the *Quarterly Review*. His appointment would have been received with more enthusiasm in America if there had been more popular acquaintance with his poetical achievements. As it is, only the learned and curious know very much about his poetry, and it does not appear that their knowledge helps them materially to understand the grounds of Lord Salisbury's choice. From a Tory point of view Mr. Austin is at least a safe laureate. He will support and defend the present government in England. When Mr. William Watson spoke harshly to it the other day in behalf of the Armenians, he replied in a brace of sonnets, bidding the Armenians and their champion to have patience. He has not yet criticised Great Britain's attitude in the Venezuelan matter, and though he has cried melodiously for peace, it is not probable that he will let his emotions get the better of him on that or any other issue. Lord Salisbury has a laureate in whose discretion he can confide, and doubtless he is satisfied. That any one else is satisfied does not yet appear, but it must be remembered that to fill the place left vacant by Tennyson to the satisfaction of any considerable body of contemporary readers was difficult, and perhaps impossible. We are entitled to whatever solace can be derived from the reflection that the next time a laureate is to be chosen the task of selection will be easier.

If Congress is to have chaplains, it certainly can afford to have its prayers said by men of dignity and good sense. Mr. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the Senate, adorns his office, but the vicissitudes of religious ministration experienced by the House of Representatives seem to warrant the opinion that the custom of opening the daily sessions of Congress with prayer has outlived its usefulness.

There is published in the current number of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* an address on "The Soldier's Faith," delivered last Memorial day in the Sanders Theatre at Harvard College by Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is a good address for any one to read who has forebodings that we may come to blows with England, for it is all in praise of war as an exercise that, on the whole, is salutary and necessary to our moral progress. That war when you are at it is horrible and cruel, Judge Holmes admits, but he insists that in our growing love of ease and comfort and money we need its discipline from time to time to keep our souls alive and our energies astir. Some teacher that can teach the lessons of war we need, he says, everywhere and at all times.

> "For high and dangerous action teaches us to believe as right beyond dispute things for which our doubting minds are slow to find words of proof. Out of heroism grows faith in the worth of heroism. The proof comes later, and even may never come. Therefore I rejoice at every dangerous sport which I see pursued. The students at Heidelberg, with their sword-slashed faces, inspire me with sincere respect. I gaze with delight upon our polo-players. If once in a while in our rough riding a neck is broken, I regard it not as a waste, but as a price well paid for the breeding of a race fit for headship and command."

It is hard to conceive of sentiments better adapted than these to shock the sensibilities of our neighbor the *Evening Post*. If it is conceded that occasional war is indispensable, one is always bound to admit the justification of football as an exercise fit to while away the intervals between more serious international scraps. It is not surprising that the *Post* has lamented at considerable length over the goriness of Judge Holmes's convictions, and has mourned over his deliverance as the fruit of a perverted gallantry. Yet there are folks who will agree in all points with Judge Holmes. Mr. Frederic Remington and all the other fighting painters will hold with him in his praise of war. Mr. Whitney, at the sporting end of the WEEKLY, will stand by him in his praise of sports. Indeed, very many of us will agree with him as to the tonic value of some dangerous sports, and very few of us doubt that a just and unavoidable war is worth what it costs. Yet there are things that make one doubt whether Judge Holmes would not naturally be inclined to overrate the benefits of war and disparage unduly the discipline of peace. Most of us know something about him, and what an exemplary soldier he proved when he had his chance. He went to war in 1861, when he was just out of Harvard College. He did not have to abandon his business, for he had none. He did not have to tear himself from a fond wife and dependent children, for he had not yet had time to get married. He left his parents behind, but they were in comfortable circumstances. He went from Boston, but it was a great deal handier in those times to go from Boston to the war than to be fit to go and stay in Boston. He fought admirably well, and bled very, very freely. He got wounds, discipline, and incidentally glory and promotion. He did well by the war, and the war did well by him. He came out of it unwidowed, unorphaned, not seriously impoverished, with some holes through him, but not too many, and with no acquired defect of health or habits sufficient to hinder him from having fun and following his civil profession with zeal and distinguished success. No wonder, on the whole, that Judge Holmes thinks well of war!

There are reasons, too, why we may question a little the value of his estimate of the discipline of peace. Two circumstances tend to make life smooth to him. He is able to live in Boston, and he can make a living there. Boston is no place to get discipline in, except for the unknown and the very poor. It is an easy city. It is pleasant, and its pace is moderate. You can walk from your house to your office there, and come home again to lunch if you want to. You can live near by in the summer, and get in and out of town very pleasantly and quickly. Society is highly agreeable in Boston. Sport is easily come at. Everything is easy, provided one can command a moderate income, and Judge Grant says ten thousand dollars a year is enough. A Boston gentleman of easy circumstances and Brahmin descent cannot, in the nature of things, know much about the discipline of ordinary life for ordinary folks. It is true that Boston men, like all others, are born with a fatal disease, but it is slow of development, and they forget about it. If Judge Holmes wants to realize the discipline of every-day life, let him deny himself, and put on his old regimentals and red sash under his every-day clothes, and come and live in New York. And then let him borrow a large family of some one, and live in a flat, and go five miles daily to his work in winter and twenty-five miles in summer, and make forty after-dinner speeches in two months, and have pneumonia and appendicitis in the spring, and get as full a metropolitan experience as he can. If he still craves the discipline of war, let him leave New York and try Chicago, and if the attrition of Chicago does not suffice to keep the rust off of his various blades, let him try to make a living by agriculture on a mortgaged farm. Judge Holmes is so good and enviable a man that it is a sad task to rebuke him, but really it is not quite right for him, on the strength of his experience of the placidity of life in Boston, to insist too strenuously before a lot of unsophisticated Harvard undergraduates that the American people have too easy a time, and need a war now and then to brace them up.

Word comes from Gloucestershire, England, of the continuing activities of Mr. E. A. Abbey, who is described as hard at work on a picture from *Richard III.* of the funeral procession of Henry VI.

"The picture," writes a correspondent, "is nearly nine feet long, all black and red and gold. The dead king, crowned and clothed in armor, is borne by knights on a splendid bier covered with a gothic pall. From the red canopy, borne by knights wearing the royal tabard, hang his shield and innumerable coats of arms. Other knights beside the bier carry huge candles, and are followed by a great procession of knights in long black hoods, lined some with red and some with yellow. All carry halberts, the handles of which are covered with red velvet. The 'Lady Anne,' dressed in splendid armorial garments, veiled in black, her six yards' long cloak held by children, is in the foreground of the procession close to the bier, and holds out her hand for the ring, which Richard, in a red cloak, his sword in his hand, has induced her to let him put on her finger."

Immersed in all this mediævalism Mr. Abbey must be enjoying himself hugely, the more so as this great picture is warmly praised by discriminating comrades of his who have seen it. The last part of his work for the Boston Library goes on and nears completion. In the first of the scenes now under way, Galahad, on his horse, in his quest for the Holy Grail, meets the "Loathly Damsel" on the edge of a wood with a dead knight in her lap. In the next scene he fights the seven knights in front of the Castle of the Maidens. The maidens were virtues whom the seven knights had shut up in the castle. The seven knights are in dark clothes, and Galahad in red is whopping them all. The next scene shows Galahad, the deliverer, in the castle, with nineteen feet of liberated virtues flocking about him and holding out their hands for him to kiss. This surely is a picture that will interest Mr. Paderewski, and afford him the solace of knowing that other men before himself have earned the wholesale approbation of the fair.

It is interesting to learn exactly how many gigs there were in use by New-Yorkers between July, 1816, and July, 1817. According to a most careful account kept by Jonathan Thompson, "Collector of the Revenue for the Second Collection District of New York," there was not one less than 101. In the neatest handwriting the collector gives a list of all the owners of "carriages" in New York, and their values. There was a form of entry which had to be filled up by people owning vehicles used for their pleasures, and these vehicles were subject to a tax. Thus on a printed slip one reads that John Jacob Astor on August 1, 1816, declared that he is the owner "of a Coach having 4 wheels, worth at the time Eight Hundred Dollars, and of the harness used therefor," and he is taxed $12 50. According to Mr. Thompson there were 713 "carriages" in use then by New-Yorkers, as the chariot (sometimes spelt chariotte), the chaise, chair, coach, coachee, gig, waggon, Phaeton, Barouche, Sulky, Stage, Razee, Handy, and Cateran. What might have been a "coachee" is not clear. Maybe a vehicle less pretentious than the coach. "Razee" would be something cut down, and the coupé of to-day includes the same idea. A "handy" can be understood, but a "cateran" is a vehicle, Scotch apparently, that has wheeled itself off into limbo. The phaeton is uncommon. As to the barouche, there were only two New-Yorkers, Asher Marx and Nathaniel Prime, who indulged in that luxury. The gig is not to be despised, for it is often valued at $150. The entries contain the names, with the written signatures, of many old New-Yorkers, as, Arcularius, Ackerman, Arden, Aspinwall, Alburtis, Coster, Curtis, Clinton, Cairns, Drake, Denning, Desobry, Dash, De Peyster, Delamater, Dey, Edgar, Elliot, Furman, Farquhar, Gelston, Gates, Gracie, Jeronemus, Hamilton, Hendricks, Hide, Hammond, Hull, Hunter, Jauncey, Janeway, Kissam, Kip, Lorillard, Lenox, Lawrence, Lyde, Livingston, Lyon, Murray, Munro, Minard, Newbold, Ogden, Outhout, Pell, Paulding, Pearsall, Post, Prime, Quackenbos, Rutgers, Redon, Romaine, Slidell, Schermerhorn, Sibbald, Swords, Talcott, Thorn, Tredwell, Titus, Torry, Varrick, Vanderhuvel, Waddington, Winthrop, Waite, Wilkes, Yates; and among the many Thomas Addis Emmet figures as the owner of a waggon. As the roll of Battle Abbey or the Golden Book gave personal distinction in the long past, so presumably will this list convey dignity on those of to-day whose grandfathers paid taxes on their vehicles; and so, after all, Thomas Carlyle with his "gigmanity" may be right. For the preservation and use of these interesting documents we are indebted to Mrs. W. Thorne, the granddaughter of Jonathan Thompson.

In one city, at least, there has been but one sentiment about Mr. Cleveland's Venezuela-boundary message. Caracas was delighted with it, and found nothing to criticise or regret. President Crespo's heart immediately went out to President Cleveland. A correspondent of the New York *Herald* reports him as saying, on December 18th, "President Cleveland and myself were both as one in losing and regaining power, and certainly it seems as if we were one in destiny and action." Of his country he said: "The republic will uphold rights that properly may be regarded as hers at all hazards." On the same day—the day the news came—Senor Rojas, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, called upon Mr. Thomas, the American Minister, and thanked him in the name of Venezuela for President Cleveland's utterance. Towards evening was held in the great Washington Plaza the meeting pictured on another page of the WEEKLY, in which apparently the whole adult male population of the capital took part. The enthusiasm of the people is described as quite unrestrained, and the speakers gave free expression to their pride in the new ally their country seemed to have gained in its dispute with Great Britain. After the meeting the people rushed to the home of Minister Thomas and serenaded him, cheered the American flag, and turned the pedestal of their fine statue of Washington into a pyramid of flowers and wreaths. Enough enthusiasm was left over to bring together another mass-meeting the next morning, and a New-Year's ball was planned in honor of Minister Thomas, who seems to find himself for the time being the most popular man in South America.

A project is afoot to erect on South Mountain, Maryland, a memorial to the army correspondents of the civil war. The president of the organization which has the matter in hand is Governor Lowndes, of Maryland, the treasurer is Edward M. Healy, of Hagerstown, Maryland, and the secretary George Alfred Townsend, of Washington. In the list of associates appear the names of John Hay, E. C. Stedman, Thomas Nast, Moses P. Handy, J. B. McCullough, and others. The organization is not complete yet, and the particulars about the size and scope of the memorial have not transpired, but subscriptions will be cordially received by the treasurer, and will help to give the project definite shape.

The guest of the evening at the Christmas dinner of the new Vagabond Club in London was Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Mr. Frankfort Moore proposed Mrs. Burnett's health, to which Mrs. Burnett responded. She said among other things that she was an English woman by birth and descent, but that being the mother of two American sons she was herself somewhat perplexed about her status. Her situation, at first thought, seems somewhat uncommon. We know so much more of the women, born Americans, who are the mothers of English sons, than of the English women who are mothers of Americans, that we are apt to think the former are the more numerous. There are more of them that are well known, but the probability is that there are much fewer of them in actual numbers than of the others.

E. S. MARTIN.

CHICAGO.

A YOUNG man studying at the University of Chicago is an ardent vegetarian, and some time since published a little pamphlet in which he set forth his reasons for the faith that is in him. A copy of the pamphlet was sent to Mr. Dharmapala, who will be remembered as one of the Indian delegates to the Parliament of Religions, and has elicited a reply, from which the following quotation is made: "It is a sign of the times that from the reeking shambles of the most inhuman city on the globe there should come a voice appealing to the tender instincts of man to refrain from destruction of animal life. If I had the means I would distribute a hundred thousand copies of your brochure in the butchers' city of the West. You have a great cause, and if you could only make a convert of Armour to put a stop to his unparalleled slaughtering of dumb beasts you would go to immortality. It is a shame that the enlightened people of Chicago should not protest against this holocaust." If our young vegetarian's hopes of immortality are to depend upon "converting Armour," he will do wisely not to count upon them overmuch. The *naïveté* of Mr. Dharmapala's assumption that such a thing is possible is paralleled only by that of the assumption of the Japanese Buddhists, also delegates to the Parliament of Religions, who returned to their country to report that the Americans, having become profoundly convinced of the inadequacy of the Christian religion, had summoned the enlightened followers of Buddha to receive from them instruction in a better faith.

The announcement comes from Milwaukee that there is to be held in that city a "convention of Wisconsin authors and poets." Curiously enough, they are to come together under the auspices of the newly organized Ethical Society. It was doubtless wise to limit attendance upon the convention to the "authors and poets" of Wisconsin, lest the gathering be packed by representatives from the envious and emulous surrounding States. Chicago alone might have prepared to unload upon the Cream City enough "authors and poets" to fill the largest hall, and probably to carry off all the prizes. For there are to be prizes awarded to the best stories, articles, and poems, just as there are prizes for the biggest turnips and pumpkins at a State fair. The prizes are not magnificent, to be sure—twenty-five dollars is the maximum—but think of the glory of being proclaimed Laureate of Wisconsin! Besides, "professional readers" are promised by the society to deliver the successful productions with all the refinements of the art elocutionary. The rules of the contest provide for two classes of competitors. Class A includes "writers who have received pay for, and have had published, one or more productions." Class B includes "writers who have written, without pay, or can write, upon some accepted literary subject." Note, in the first group, the gentle but firm insistence of the phrase, "and have had published"; and, in the second, the fine comprehensiveness of the words, "or can write upon," with its deference to the tender susceptibilities of the unrecognized. Prophesy is a venturesome thing, but I make bold to predict that the entries in Class B will prove the more numerous.

From Wisconsin also comes an epoch-making judicial decision upon the legal status of the bagpipe. A street procession in Milwaukee, headed by a bagpiper, frightened a horse so badly that he first ran away, and then lay down and died. The owner of the horse brought suit, and the case was tried in a justice court. The finding of the jury—a Teutonic body—was to the effect that the bagpipe is not a musical instrument, that the horse, being of a nervous temperament, was scared to death by an unearthly noise made by a fiend with the aforesaid bagpipe, and that the plaintiff was entitled to recover damages to the amount of $125 for the loss of the horse. The jury added insult to injury by persistently calling the bagpipe a *dudelsack*, and it is said that force had to be used to protect the jury from violence at the hands of some Scotchmen present in the court-room. When news of the affair was received in Chicago it attracted some attention, and a number of Scotchmen were interviewed upon the subject by an enterprising newspaper reporter. Among these were President Cameron, of the Board of Education, and Chief of Police Badenoet, who gave free expression to their indignation. It is fortunate that the Milwaukee jurymen are beyond the reach of our canny police executive.
W. M. P.

BOSTON.

On Christmas day eight hundred homeless men were gathered in Faneuil Hall to eat a bountiful dinner provided by the Parker Helping-Hand Mission. At the end of this feast a tall well-dressed young man introduced himself to the Superintendent of the mission, and requested leave to speak a few words of cheer to the poor fellows at the table.

This request was granted, and the young man, who turned out to be a rabid Socialist disguised in "store clothes," proceeded to inveigh against the religion and civilization of the day. The tramps, who were for the nonce able to say

"Fate cannot harm us,
We have dined to-day,"

at once ceased their singing of hymns and began wildly to cheer the incendiary orator, and to hiss the benevolent people who had furnished their Christmas dinner. The police were called, the crowd were ejected from the hall, and the socialistic orator walked out after them.

Hæc fabula docet—one swallow of turkey does not make life a summer for a tramp.

The engines of war have become so awful since the couriers in June, 1812, brought the news to the country of the declaration of war against Great Britain, and our business and social structure so complex, that a mere suggestive tap on Uncle Sam's war sword reverberates over the world.

But the more death-dealing and mysterious in their operations are the warlike machines the more likely is peace to reign. Even at the present state of the art of warfare it seems that a new race of men should be invented, with nerves strong enough to enable them to stand firm against unseen and terribly destructive forces. All ages have been frankly terrified at the earthquake; and the bravest might be pardoned for not caring to face machine and dynamite guns.

The new year saw a Josiah Quincy Mayor of Boston. He is the third of the name to occupy that position, and will also, in these days of Jacksonian dumps, be the only Democratic Mayor of a large American city.

The New York *Sun* has pictured Mr. Quincy perched on a lofty branch of his family tree, but it is needless to state that astute politicians are not apt to choose such a place for a base of operations. The third Josiah is "frosty to be sure, but he is also kindly"; and he is more interested in the present needs of Boston than in genealogical researches.

A leaflet, called *The Truth in Boston*, conducted by a society of gentlemen, and imprinted for them once in each week, has lately appeared with the motto, "Tell Truth and shame the Devil." As there are sixteen small yellow pages in this weekly there is room in it to tell all the truth that it is safe or wise to tell in any city during a week.

In its second issue it states that few of Colonel Robert G. Shaw's contemporaries can expect to live to see the memorial completed which St.-Gaudens has in hand. This is to be placed in the Beacon Street Mall of the Common, opposite to the entrance to the State House.

Two or three years ago some part of the foundation was laid, but since then the whole has been encased with planks, and is not an ornament to the Common. But "Art is long," and the city will forget the delay when the beautiful bass-relief is in place.

We are informed that in Nevada there is a toboggan slide which starts in an ice palace up in the mountains and descends into an orange grove. A slide down hill in life does not usually have such conditions, for the temperature of the world is apt to lower with the fall.
W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Captain D. McDevitt, formerly of Malden, Massachusetts, now of San Francisco, has had his soldier spirit fired by the rumors of war, and has advertised for 1000 recruits, with whom he intends to march across the continent and take Quebec. No pent-up Utica in the matter of time, space, or money confines the Captain's dauntless daring. He says that the taking of Esquimalt and Victoria is a small matter to which the Pacific squadron can attend. Quebec is the objective point of the 1000 volunteers, and where Wolfe and Montgomery fell they are willing to spill their patriotic gore. Once the ancient citadel is taken "we may say we have our battle won," the Captain remarked a few days ago, with the easy confidence of the veteran who fought with Butler at New Orleans. When last heard from the Captain had received five answers to his advertisement, so Quebec need not look to her defences till the other 995 respond.

Another of the old Mexican grants is to be broken up into small holdings and opened to the colonists. In the days of the Spanish occupation 10,000 acres, including mesas, rolling hills, and rich river lands, were given by the Mexican government to the bishops of the Roman Catholic diocese of Los Angeles for the founding and erecting of a college. This great tract, thirty-five miles from Santa Barbara, is abundantly watered by the Santa Inez River, and sheltered by the hills, which at that point of the coast come down to the sea. It has been called the College Grant, and though it is one of the finest tracts in the country, has lain in vast and lonely idleness. The sale of half of it to the California Colony Company is just about accomplished. The company is to import 100 families, half of them coming from Chicago, where the hard times and the difficulty of getting employment have forced them to risk the experiment, the others from Minnesota and Iowa. Habitations are to be provided, and the colonists given seed and fruit trees, while a superintendent is to oversee their work, and protect them from the mistakes which would result from their ignorance of the soil and climate. The breaking up of the immense holdings from Spanish grants has long been in progress all through the State, the most enterprising ranchero having discovered the impossibility of managing an extent of territory as large as a small principality.

With the coming of winter the tramp turns his face to the setting sun and wanders westward to California. The Golden State is his winter haven, one of the brotherhood recently informing a woman in the South that the tramp liked wintering in southern California, as the climate was the best the country afforded. The recent arrest of a tramp at San José disclosed the fact that the vagrants in that part of the State are organized into a society, the charter of which was found upon the arrested man. The association bears the appropriate title of "The Sons of Rest," and the still more appropriate motto, "Only Fools and Horses Work." There is an initiation fee of twenty-five cents, which those under the blight of pecuniary embarrassments can escape by substituting a package of cigarettes.
G. B.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN
is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, N. Y. City.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters is known all over the world as the great regulator of the digestive organs.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Cuticura
SOAP
MAKES SOFT
WHITE
HANDS
POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP.
Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A.

Syrup of Figs

has in use proven itself one of the greatest of factors in producing a clear, clean skin, and, therefore, a perfect complexion. Taken regularly in small doses, its effect will give satisfaction to the most exacting.

Agreeable

Preventives in season are much surer than belated drugs. A healthy condition of the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels is the strongest safeguard against Headache, Racking Colds, or Fevers.

Syrup of Figs

Acts as a perfect laxative should, cleansing and refreshing the system without weakening it. Permanently curing constipation and its effects.

Mild and Sure

Pleasant to the taste and free from objectionable substances. Physicians recommend it. Millions have found it invaluable. Taken regularly in small doses, its effect will give satisfaction to the most exacting.

MANUFACTURED BY
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
For sale by all Druggists.

THE PREMIER BRAND
CALIFORNIA WINES, BRANDIES AND OLIVE OIL.
PRONOUNCED BY CONNOISSEURS SUPERIOR TO IMPORTED.
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS AND WINE MERCHANTS.
SEND FOR PRICE LIST.
PACIFIC COAST WINE CO.,
OLDEST WINE GROWERS OF CALIFORNIA.
MAIN OFFICE 849 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
BRANCH, 1496 THIRD AVE., NEW YORK.

Financial.

JEWETT BROTHERS
Bankers and Brokers,
26 BROAD STREET, N. Y.
Members New York Stock Exchange.
Investment and Marginal Accounts.
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

BOKER'S BITTERS
The oldest and best Specific against dyspepsia; an appetizer and a promoter of digestion.
Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

GOLD SEAL CHAMPAGNE
EXTRA and SPECIAL DRY.
URBANA, N. Y.

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "100 Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, New York.

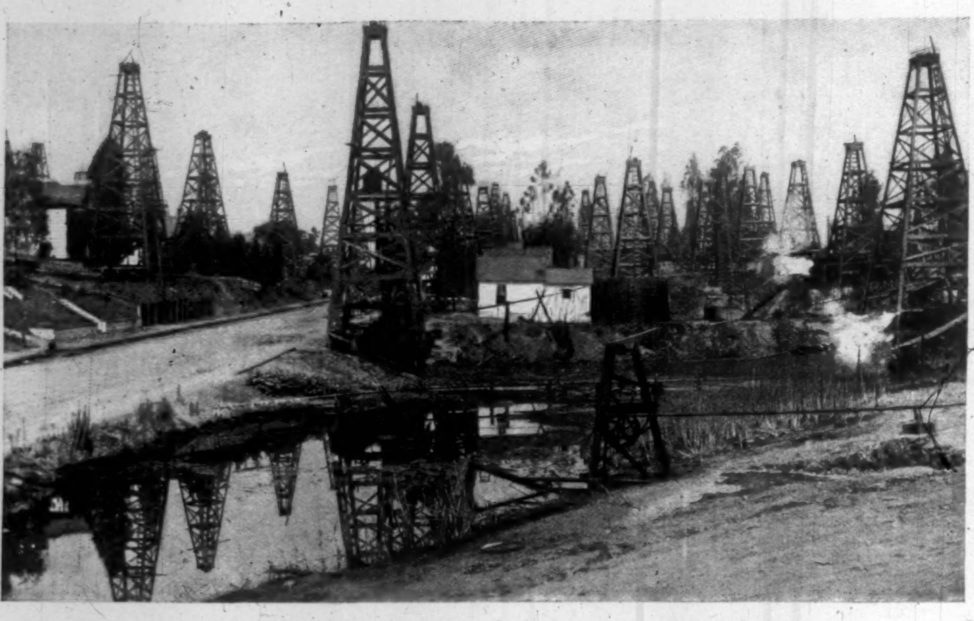
VIN MARIANI
(MARIANI WINE)
THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC.
"Vin Mariani gives to body and brain renewed vitality, it is the supreme remedy for all who are overworked."
Jules Claretie.
At Druggists & Fancy Grocers. Avoid Substitutions.
Sent free, if this paper is mentioned,
Descriptive Book, Portraits and Autographs of Celebrities.
MARIANI & CO.,
Paris: 41 Boulevard Haussmann. 52 West 15th St., New York.
London: 239 Oxford Street.

The Regal Shoe that Bliss Makes.
The Regal Toe, extension edge, Black Calf and Russia Calf (as cut) Patent and Enamel with close edge.
100 Styles.
$3.50
Send stamp for Catalogue H. L. C. Bliss & Co.
STORES: 109 Summer St., Boston; 115 and 117 Nassau St., New York; 1347 Broadway, New York; 291 Broadway, New York; 357 Fulton St., Brooklyn; 1305 F St., N.W., Washington; 69 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.; 78 Dorrance St., Providence; 219 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore; 119 North Main St., Brockton; 103 Dearborn St., and Cor. Dearborn and Washington Sts., Chicago.
Factory, Brockton, Mass.

20th Edition—Postpaid for 25 cents (or stamps.)
THE HUMAN HAIR
Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S., London.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

Mouson's Bouquet Carmen Sylva and Violette Impériale

REMEMBER that no Stocking will wear well or look well that does not fit well.
THE Shawknit IS THE Best-Fitting
IT IS THE ONLY STOCKING THAT IS
KNITTED TO THE SHAPE OF THE HUMAN FOOT
THE TRADE-MARK Shawknit IS STAMPED ON THE TOE.
Descriptive Price-List, free, to any applicant.
Beautiful Castle Calendar, free, to any applicant mentioning this publication.
Shaw Stocking Co.
LOWELL, MASS.



OIL DERRICKS IN THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

OIL AMONG THE ORANGES.

INDICATIONS of oil in and about Los Angeles have been apparent for years, and a few instances are on record of enthusiastic prospectors who have sunk wells to the depth of from one to two hundred feet, and actually succeeded in securing an occasional barrel of crude petroleum.

The first cable-car line was built in Los Angeles in 1886, and it was naturally conceded by investors generally that a piece of land close in on the cable line was about the biggest card in their pack. This particular section of town is made up of a series of hills crowded almost as closely together as a prairie-dog village, and just about as available for town lots. A local real-estate dealer acquired some property in the much-vaunted region, and then for several years tried vainly to sell out at almost any price. Finally, in a fit of desperation, he decided to bore for oil. This was in August of last year.

Discouragement and ridicule met him on all sides, and when 1000 feet had been reached without result his "wild-cat" scheme was the talk of the town.

Then something happened. Suddenly, in the dead waste and middle of the night, a tremendous spurt of oil and gas shot out from the drill-hole, flung every portable object in its pathway high in the air, literally soaked the men in attendance, and saturated the region roundabout with the grimy, ill-smelling substance. Dismay reigned supreme, until the owner of the well was enabled to turn the enormous output into a hastily constructed tank.

At first a universal wave of indignation swept over the community which had in the passing of the years taken up its abode in this region. It was outrageous that the olfactories of the people should be so violently assailed—their very hearth-stones invaded. It was furthermore declared that the well was a menace to health, and applications to abate the nuisance were made to the city council.

Then there was a great calm, which lasted exactly four-and-twenty hours, after which every adjacent property-owner with $1500 in hand or in sight began to prepare for boring. Innumerable agents now appeared on the scene, eager to furnish estimates on reading, casing, tubing, etc.; to supply rig irons, engines, boilers, or sand-pumps while you waited; to take your measure for oil-proof overalls; to move your house.

One enterprising specialist, whose zeal exceeded his reverence for Lindley Murray, hung out a sign with the following legend, which still adheres, viz.:

WELLS PULLED AND OVER
HALLED AT SHORT NOTTICE

Derricks sprang up in the door-yards like mushrooms in a night. To-day there is a perfect forest of them. The section now definitely designated as the oil region (outlying posts may be found almost anywhere) covers an area of half a hundred acres, and lots heretofore available at the purchaser's price were held during the first excitement as high as $100 per front foot.

Oil companies and oil exchanges are being organized and reorganized almost daily. Two pipe-lines are completed from the field to the railway tracks, one having a 32,000-barrel storage tank and the other with a capacity of 35,000 barrels. These lines cost about $75,000.

There are over 400 wells in actual operation to-day, and drilling is progressing rapidly. What with the purchase of plants and the cost of piping the oil to the railroads, nearly a million dollars capital has already been invested in the industry.

As high as 300 barrels of oil have been pumped from a single well in twenty-four hours, although 100 barrels is considered an excellent daily average for the best producers. The present output is over 3000 barrels per day. Of this, 1500 barrels are required for local consumption—breweries, laundries, iron and steel works, printing-offices, etc., and the Santa Fe and Terminal Railroad companies being the principal consumers.

CHAMPIONSHIP CHESS IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE contest for supremacy at chess, just concluded, between Showalter and Lipschütz, involved the question of the chess championship of the United States.

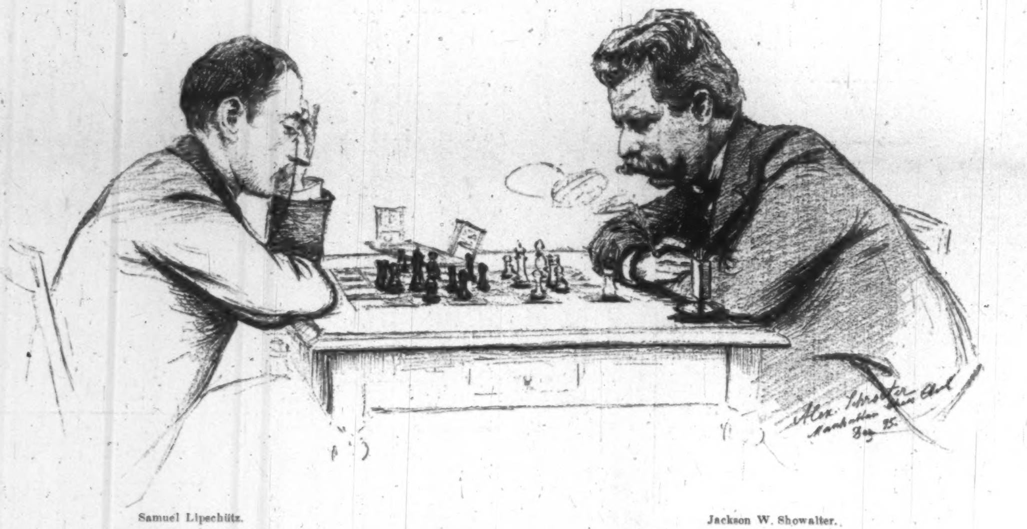
In 1892 the two men met in a national championship match in which Lipschütz defeated Showalter by a score of 7–1 and 7 draws. The present match was for a reconsideration of the verdict then obtained.

The struggle was determined by a winning of seven games. The drawn battles did not count on the score, and the winner took the total $1500 stakes deposited.

Fourteen games were necessary to a determination of the struggle, so evenly were the two contestants matched at chess play. In all other respects they are as unlike as can well be imagined. The final score was: Showalter, 7; Lipschütz, 4; drawn, 3.

The match was one of the hardest-fought on record, some of the games taking from ten to fifteen hours to play. The differing style of the two men shone out in all of them. Whether with white or black at his command, Showalter rushed lionlike at his antagonist, delighting in involvement, and courting peril through which he caught a glimpse of safety of his own ingenious devising.

Lipschütz, imperturbable and dexterous, stood on defence, parrying assault with resource unseen and unsuspected to the watchers of the fight, looking warily for the opening which any slackening of the onslaught might afford to enable him to thrust in to victory. The games thus wrought out were original, profound, and interesting. Many of them will be prominent contributions of the highest value to the literature of chess.



Samuel Lipschütz. Jackson W. Showalter.

CONTESTING FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—DRAWN BY ALEX. SCHROETER.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Mousǫn's
Bouquet
Carmen Sylva
and Violette
Impériale

WHY SUFFER

with COLDS contracted in cold rooms which cannot be properly heated in The Regular Manner? The New Rochester OIL HEATER will prevent all of this misery at a cost of but 1c. per hour. No odor. No chimney to break. Portable and handsome. Russell Sage gave his first testimonial after USING OUR HEATER. Investigate for yourself. Price $5.00. For Wedding and Xmas Presents nothing equals our New Rochester Lamp. 8,000 VARIETIES. Ladies are cordially invited to inspect our line.

THE ROCHESTER LAMP CO.
42 Park Place, 37 Barclay St.
NEW YORK.

No. 4711. Essence OF RHINE × VIOLETS
(Name Registered.)
THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES

If you want a real Violet Perfume, be sure you get "No. 4711 Rhine Violets" It is not a combination of other scents, but is absolutely true to the flower.

Cut this advertisement out and show it to your dealer.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, New York, U.S. Agents.

The only awarded at the Paris Exhibition 1889.
VELOUTINE
SPECIAL, HYGIENIC, ADHERENT & INVISIBLE.
TOILET POWDER — CH. FAY, Inventor
9, Rue de la Paix, Paris.— Caution. None Genuine but those bearing the word "FRANCE" and the signature CH. FAY.

THE CELEBRATED
PIANOS Are the favorite of the Artist
SOHMER
PIANOS and the refined musical public
NOS. 149 TO 155 EAST 14TH STREET, NEW YORK.
CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine S-O-H-M-E-R Piano with one of a similar-sounding name of a cheap grade.

Winter Resorts.

Hygeia Hotel,
OLD POINT COMFORT, VA.

Unrivalled as a health and pleasure resort. Air balmy and full of life-giving ozone. New sanitary plumbing, perfect drainage, and all the comforts of the modern home. CASTALIA SPRING WATER, one of the purest waters known, supplied to guests without cost. Circulars may be had of F. H. Scofield, 1 Madison Avenue, N. Y.

F. N. PIKE.

LELAND'S WINDSOR HOTEL,
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.
Remodeled and Refitted.

Windsor Hotel,
5th Ave., New York,
after May 1, 1896.

WARREN F. LELAND,
Proprietor.

THE SHELBURNE
Atlantic City, N. J.
ON THE OCEAN FRONT.

Every convenience, including hot and cold sea-water baths and passenger elevator. Write for illustrated Booklet.

J. D. SOUTHWICK, Manager.

MADE HIS X MARK with a DIXON American Graphite PENCIL. Used by successful folks everywhere.
If not sold by your dealer, send 16c. for pencils worth double the money.
JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	per Year,	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	"	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	"	4 00
HARPER'S ROUND TABLE	"	2 00

Booksellers and Postmasters usually receive Subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money Order or Draft. When no time is specified, Subscriptions will begin with the current Number.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

AMATEUR · SPORT

All-America Team—concluded.

Bull is my choice for centre, because of his remarkable activity and steadiness. Not since Lewis has there been a centre who breaks through and gets down the field so rapidly. Despite his lightness, in comparison with most centres his game has not lessened in effectiveness when opposite much heavier men. No centre was ever steadier, or had equal skill in snapping back the ball, and his activity is extraordinary. Time and time again he is down the field almost as quickly as the ends. Of the other centres, Gailey of Princeton would be second choice, Cross of Yale and Shaw of Harvard following. I expect to see Shaw develop into a very much stronger man, as he was handicapped this year by injuries, and not able to show the best in him. Cross has always been a consistent, hard player, and put up an exceedingly good game. There is very little difference between him and Shaw and Gailey.

THORNE, YALE.
Half-back and Captain.

Choice of guards is more difficult than in any recent year, for the reason that there are at least four men between whom there are slight odds one way or the other. Wharton and Riggs, in my judgment, would make the best two for the All-America Team, for both are strong in breaking through, in blocking, in tackling, and in running with the ball. Woodruff of Penn. and Rhodes of Princeton are exceedingly close to these two, and Cross is not very far behind any of them. Norton Shaw and Holt of Harvard are also exceedingly strong men, and Chadwick made a reputation in the Princeton game that stamps him good enough to be on the list of substitutes of the All-America Team. Good guards have been plentiful this year, and not at all confined to the "big" elevens. Trafton of Lehigh, Rhinehart of Lafayette, Pierce of the Carlisle Indian School, and Smith of Brown are all men that would probably make another 'varsity eleven, were there not such exceptional material.

BROOK, PENNSYLVANIA.
Full-back.

There has been no means of comparing the Princeton and Penn. guards, except through the Harvard game, and that game shows to Princeton's advantage. Holt and Shaw of Harvard held Wharton and Woodruff of Penn. very even at Cambridge, while Riggs and Rhodes were able to do much more with the Harvard guards than was Penn. subsequently. Rhodes is an exceptionally good man, and ought to be on the substitute list, only I cannot use another guard, and Church is more useful for my purpose.

LEE, PRINCETON.
Tackle.

The choice of tackles is not so difficult. Although Lee was at a disadvantage the latter part of the year because of a dislocated shoulder and played at end, yet there is no question of his being the best tackle in America to-day, and Murphy is very little inferior to him. Both of them are heady players, very active, very aggressive, always on the ball, and certain tacklers. Of the other tackles of the year, Church has shown himself a man of great ability in his position, and both of Penn.'s men, Farrar and Minds, were strong. Harvard has been rather weaker in these positions than the other universities, and among the smaller colleges there is none to have attracted special attention outside of Tyler of Amherst and Nott of Brown.

The choice of ends is equally easy, for Gelbert and Cabot outclass all the other candidates. In the game as played to-day the end very frequently fills the place of half-back, and both these men are especially qualified for this work. Both are very fast in getting down the field, sure in tackling, and quick at breaking up interference.

Of the other end candidates, both L. Hinkey of Yale and Bass have shown first-class form; the latter is a showy, active player, and Hinkey has some of the qualifications of his famous brother Frank. But it may be said that Frank Hinkey's equal has not yet been developed on the football field, and probably it will be some time before he is. Newell of Harvard, a brother of the famous tackle, is a new man, and a promising one of this season. Cochrane, Princeton, is not so new, but is one of the best of the year. A. Brewer was handicapped by injuries, and did not equal his best work, while Taussig and Beacham of Cornell and Dickson of Penn. all surpassed their previous showing, and played first-class football form. Nolan of West Point is also one of the season's developments, and a man worthy a place on any 'varsity team.

I find I have overlooked Draper, the half-back of Williams, upon whose excellent work last season I intended in proper place to comment.

Taking all things into consideration, I should consider this All-America Team one of the best captained and generally strongest of any we have had. I should feel particularly confident in its sustained strength, even in the event of injury to some of the regular men, for in case of Bull's retirement the centre would easily be filled with Woodruff, Wharton, and Riggs, while between Chadwick and Church I should have no fear for the loss of a tackle or a guard. Beacham might fill the position of either end or half, and would be second to none at end. Minds could go in at tackle or half. Fincke could step into quarter or go at half, while Wrightington, who I consider one of the "headiest" players on the field, would leave nothing to be desired as a ground-gainer.

WYCKOFF, CORNELL.
Quarter.

GELBERT, PENNSYLVANIA.
End.

WHARTON, PENNSYLVANIA.
Guard.

BULL, PENNSYLVANIA.
Centre.

In the far West, my criticism on Reliance A. C., at Oakland, was, I find, too indefinite to be properly understood. I do not know and cannot assert that men on the eleven have been actually paid cash. My censure was intended to fall upon its practice of securing ex-'varsity and non-resident players. When athletes are "gathered," there must always be a suspicion that the jingle of the shilling accompanies some part of the transaction. This may be either by supplying "room and board," by providing clerkships, or by some other hocus-pocus. But the jingle is there. This same criticism applies to the Olympic Club team, but, alas, we do not have to look so far West for evidence of this semi-professional spirit. The most prominent athletic clubs in the country have this year been gross offenders, and the oldest and erstwhile most influential have sinned most.

The Crescent A. C. of Brooklyn, once a model in amateur sport, has this year put forth an eleven with at least one professional, and I know not how many mercenaries; so with the Orange A. C. of New Jersey, the Duquesne A. C., Pittsburg, the Chicago A. C., and the Boston A. A., though I believe the last has been the best of the lot, but a bad lot. This "inducing" of players must be stopped, or amateur sport will become disreputable. No commercial enterprise, no game—nothing—can tolerate dishonesty and thrive. Better no sport than dishonesty; better, far better, no athletes than dishonorable ones.

The football rules complication in the East had little or no effect upon the West, where elevens, almost without exception, played under the rules of 1894. A particularly fortunate state of affairs, not only because harmony is a good thing for modern football, but because it is a tacit expression of disapproval of the unsportsmanlike entanglement which this season eventuated in three sets of rules. It also demonstrated that there is developing a spirit of independence in the minor colleges, which, with an increasing knowledge of the game, diminishes their disposition to follow blindly the leadership of the older Eastern universities, especially when they feel the best interests of college sport are made secondary to individual grievances. Michigan is the only Western team of any consequence which played under amended rules, and that because of her match with Harvard.

MURPHY, YALE.
Tackle.

The most striking feature of the season in Western football was the marvellous spread of the game, there being, without exaggeration, twice as many teams as in 1894. Improvement in play, however, has not been so rapid, although a distinct improvement was apparent. It was most noticeable in the offence, where a great degree of perfection in interference and team-work was attained. The defensive improvement, if there was any, was outdone by the strengthened attack. The tackling was atrocious, and it seems impossible to get a Western line to work together while their opponents have the ball. This accounts for the few games in the West in which both teams have not scored. Notwithstanding the many evidences of the value of a kicking game by the Eastern universities, the kick was almost entirely neglected by Western captains, who seemed to have absolutely no appreciation of its strategic value. This was undoubtedly due to the weak defence more than to any other cause; but even so, instances were frequent where teams, although outclassing their opponents on the defence took the ball on their own five-yard line, and attempted, by short pushes through the centre, to carry it up the field. Undoubtedly the weakest points in Western football were high tackling and failure to use the kick. One saw a surprising number of formations back of the line, made up of backs and forwards, all like or modifications of the Deland or Pennsylvania interference.

RIGGS, PRINCETON.
Guard.

The season in the middle West opened September 21st, when Wisconsin and Northwestern played at Milwaukee under the auspices of the Wisconsin State Fair. Wisconsin won, 12–6. It was a most uninteresting game, owing to the excessive amount of wrangling by both teams. Western football men have yet to learn that disputed points are to be settled by the captains and the officials, and that general talking retards rather than hastens the settlement of these questions. A State fair hardly makes a healthy environment for inter-collegiate athletics. State fair horse-racing and fat-stock shows may be all right in their places, but their places are not with inter-collegiate football. Such associations degrade sport, and the whole affair shows obviously that the elevens played not for the sake of football, but for the sake of the $700 guarantee by the State Fair Association.

November 16th was a decisive day in Western football, four games being played between the eight leading elevens, with scores as follows: Chicago, 6; Northwestern, 0. Minnesota, 14; Wisconsin, 10. Michigan, 12; Purdue, 10. Kansas, 8; Nebraska, 4.

It is impossible to compare the Kansas team with the middle Western elevens, as they have not played any of the other universities. Kansas defeated Nebraska, 8–4; Nebraska won from Missouri, 12–10; Missouri beat Purdue, 16–6, and Northwestern, 24–18; and the last two were beaten Nov. 16th, so that although almost nothing can be told by comparing scores, Kansas at least deserves recognition for her good showing. The other games, however, permit rather positive conclusions. Undoubtedly Michigan, Chicago, and Minnesota played the best football in the West last season, but Purdue made a splendid showing against Michigan after the latter's strong game against Harvard.

THE AMATEUR SPORTING YEAR OF 1895 was one of brilliant achievement—the most brilliant in American annals. The most brilliant, too, so far as my researches have discovered, recorded in any single year even of Great Britain. It was a year of international competition and of international episodes, the former more satisfactory than the latter.

At home it was a year of contradictions. A year that revealed a growing appreciation—slight, it is true, but still growing—of sport for sport's sake, and that showed, too, how deplorably short of a proper understanding of sporting ethics are some of those prominently associated with college athletics. A year of brilliant individual competition and of sad estrangement between natural and traditional rivals. A year that marked the spread of amateur sport through the country, and of track athletic retrogression in particular localities. And, finally, a year that closes with a record and situations that give us good reason, I think, to feel that, on the whole, the advance has been considerable.

The worm in the bud has not been exterminated, but there has been an awakening to its harmful work, and a growing determination to crush the parasite and leave the bud to open in purity.

IN TRACK ATHLETICS individual performance reached a point that only a year or so ago seemed beyond human endeavor. And while they command our admiration, yet, to my thinking, the track athletic season shows less for commendation than any other sport.

I am not one of those who regard the end of athletics accomplished when we have turned out, at the expense of general improvement, a handful of superlatively trained men to make world's records. Perhaps I am behind the times, but I should rather see ten men developed who would do 100 yards in 10⅕ seconds than one man who could equal the world's record of 9⅘.

I believe the aim of sport should be the development of the majority, not the ultra-cultivation of the minority. I am convinced that the system which ignores the many in its nourishment of the few must result eventually in lessening general participation. In fact, such has indeed been the case in club track athletics.

This, to be sure, is an age of specialists, and it is entirely natural and fitting that in each game exceptional men should be forth-coming. To devote all our attention, however, to the development of specialists, and to the disregard of the general candidate, is to narrow the beneficial results which make sport primarily a desirable institution.

In medicine, in law, in science, in journalism, in art, in every walk of life, the competitive conditions of our work-a-day world impel extraordinary development in particular lines. But in the work-a-day world it is, of dire necessity, nine times out of ten, an intense individual struggle for self-aggrandizement. It is a never-ending race, where the tape may be breasted only by the fittest. So, in a way, but in a different way, is the athletic contest.

SPORT IS OUR PLAY. It is our relaxation. It is our most salutary means to the end of *mens sana in corpore sano.* It is the vehicle through which the boys at school, young men at college, develop a healthy mind and a physical vigor for the subsequent and more serious struggle. Later, in its more temperate form, it is the means of keeping us physically healthful and mentally vigorous by brushing the cobwebs from brains wearied by the daily struggle in the worldly race, and sending the blood through the body chained to the commercial tread-mill. If we carry the same intensified specialization into sport that we retain in our commercial and professional pursuits we at once divest it of its recreative properties and lessen its benefits to the few, and I think those who give this matter any serious consideration at all will agree with me in believing that such is not the best mission of sport.

DESPITE THE BRILLIANT RECORDS of '95, track athletics are not in so healthful a condition as they were several years ago, when the records were less notable. For while the quality of individual performances was less, the number of individual participants was infinitely greater. Whereas in '95 but one or two clubs held games, a few years before at least a dozen on the Atlantic coast alone gave annually one and sometimes two each. So that the end of '95, notwithstanding the number of world's records to our credit, marked the retrogression in track and field athletics in this country. A state of affairs brought about by the weakness of our governing body, the Amateur Athletic Union, in failing to enforce some good rules already made, or to make others which the needs of the hour demanded—and the greed of large and powerful clubs in attaching non-resident athletic stars. Had the A.A.U. compelled clubs to confine their representation to athletes residing within reasonable distances, and forbade continuous training-tables, there would have been some encouragement to smaller clubs, a more general development of athletes, a greater number of games. At the present writing the A.A.U. appears to have awakened to its derelictions of the past, and there is a prospect now of a policy that will encourage smaller clubs, and of course lead to a more general athletic activity.

1895 WAS ESSENTIALLY A RECORD-MAKING YEAR. Conneff placed the world's amateur record for 1 mile at 4 minutes 15⅗ seconds; ran 1000 yards in 3 minutes 2⅘ seconds, which, although beating his own amateur record of 3 minutes and 7 seconds made at Boston in '93, and W. G. George's British amateur record of 3 minutes 8¾ seconds made in '82, does not become a record.

In the N. J. A. C. games, September 3d, Conneff made a successful effort to establish the world's amateur record for 1½ miles. He went the distance in 6 minutes 46⅗ seconds, breaking the American amateur record of 7 minutes 2⅘ seconds, made by the late W. D. Day, and the world's amateur record of 6 minutes 53⅘ seconds, made by Sidney Thomas, of England. The world's professional record is 6 minutes 43½ seconds, made by Cummings in 1880.

Of the other American record-makers, B. J. Wefers equalled the 9⅘ seconds world's record for the 100 yards, made by John Owen, at Washington in '90; established world's figures of 21⅗ seconds for the 220 yards, and 31⅕ seconds for 300 yards.

C. J. Kilpatrick placed the world's record for the half-mile at 1 minute 53⅖ seconds, surpassing the best professional mark of 1 minute 53¼ seconds, made by F. Hewitt, a New-Zealander, in '71, and the amateur records of 1 minute 54⅗ seconds made by F. J. K. Cross at Oxford in '88, and 1 minute 54⅕ seconds made by the late W. C. Dohm in New York in '91.

Stephen Chase put the world's record for the 120-yard hurdles at 15⅗ seconds—in fact, ran the distance twice in that time, once in the games against the London Athletic Club on Manhattan Field, when the record was not allowed because he knocked down one of the hurdles, and a week later in the games of the New York Athletic Club at Travers Island, when he went the distance without displacing a hurdle.

M. F. Sweeney, whose amateur standing is questioned, made several world's records at the running high jump, finally placing the figures at 6 feet 5⅝ inches in the games against the L. A. C.

VIEWED INTERNATIONALLY THE YEAR OF SPORT was equally brilliant, and in every instance but one records America's representatives as the winners. There were meetings between England and the United States in rowing, in cricket, in track athletics, and in yachting.

In rowing, Cornell sent a crew to the Henley regatta, which was defeated.

In cricket, a university team made up from Oxford and Cambridge was beaten two matches in three at Philadelphia, by an eleven made up from Pennsylvania, past and present, and in which George Patterson proved himself to be the greatest cricketer America has produced.

In track athletics teams representing the London Athletic Club and New York Athletic Club met on Manhattan Field, New York, in a contest of eleven events, and the Englishmen did not win a single one of the eleven. The L. A. C. team included five English champions and four men who had finished second in their championships, and although it was not the strongest team Great Britain could have sent, in every event save the quarter-mile the American winners surpassed the best performance ever made by an English athlete.

The N. Y. A. C. team contained ten American champions, six men who had finished second, and five who had finished third in the A. A. U. championships. Twice only—in the 120-yard hurdles and in the quarter-mile run—was the finish close; and but five times—in the half-mile, one hundred yards, hurdle, quarter-mile, and three miles—did an L. A. C. entry secure second honors.

Teams from Cambridge and Yale universities met on Manhattan Field, and Cambridge won three firsts and four seconds, out of eleven events, in a contest that was very much closer and more interesting from first to last than that between the N. Y. A. C. and the L. A. C.

IN YACHTING, THE LEAST SAID THE BETTER. The story of the meeting between *Defender* and *Valkyrie* for the *America's* Cup is not a pleasant one. It records the victory of *Defender* in the first race. Her magnificent performance, and defeat by a very narrow margin, in the second, after being fouled by *Valkyrie* and her topmast broken. The withdrawal of the *Valkyrie* from the third meeting, and the unwarrantable charge of fraud by her managing owner, the Earl of Dunraven. This episode has been so fully commented on in this Department there is no occasion for saying more, except to add that, as we are going to press, the New York Yacht Club's Court of Inquiry has completed its case, and is now preparing its report, which we shall publish later.

It may be said in passing, however, that Dunraven has failed signally to substantiate his insulting charges, and that his course throughout the entire matter leads us to conclude him either a knave or *non compos mentis.*

IN BICYCLE RACING the masquerading professional pursued during the year his undisturbed way through the medium of Class B and by the grace of the League of American Wheelmen. Just as the year is closing, however, the dawn of a new and purified era seems imminent. At last an effort is making to do away with the farce that has been so long perpetrated through Class B, and relegate these "makers' amateurs" to the ranks of professionalism, where they belong.

Meanwhile wheeling, in its best and most health-giving form, has spread through the United States to a marvellous extent. It would be impossible to calculate the number of converts to this exercise in the year of '95. So universal has been its acceptance that the "Safety" appears to have taken its place along with the *lares et penates* of every establishment.

NO SPORT DISPUTED THE SWAY of the wheel, unless it be golf. The ancient and royal game, from its American introduction only a couple of years ago, has spread incredibly. The scoffer has turned golfer hither and yon. The East has become studded with links, while the West in spots is giving the game much skilled attention. American adaptability and ingrained cleverness have in no instance been more emphasized than in this development of golf—a game strange to us two years ago, and not an easy one to master. It is true our best players are not yet to be compared with the first of the Old World, but at the rate they have improved in the last year they soon will be. There is no game on earth at which an American cannot beat all comers. This is not "Jingoism"—it's corroborated fact.

The golfing year of '95 closed with the following men showing greatest proficiency in the new game:

Charles B. MacDonald (who won the championship at Newport), Stoddart, Livermore, W. H. and C. E. Sands, Armstrong, Park, Patterson, Lynch, King, Rushmore, Trevor, Van Etten, Phifer, Ten Eyck, Albert Francke, Rice, Henry, Keene, and Chauncey.

LAWN-TENNIS PURSUED THE EVEN TENOR of its way, with the number of strictly first-class active players growing smaller. The visit of Pim, the at that time British singles champion, and that of Mahoney, among the first rank of Irish players, gave an international coloring to one or two of the early tournaments.

Pim showed marked superiority to many of our players, and his was a triumphal course until beaten by Clarence Hobart. In the doubles match between Pim and Mahoney and Hobart and Hovey, the Americans were easy victors in three straight sets and in the finest double tennis ever seen in this country.

The National Championship Tournament showed some excellent form and a great deal that was too mediocre to be seen at a gathering of the first American players. Generally speaking, the lawn-tennis season of '95 revealed but one star of the first magnitude, though it developed a number of strong second-class men, between whom and the leaders the gap seems to have grown smaller than ever. On season's play the first ten men of '95, in my judgment, were:

1, Hovey (the champion); 2, Larned; 3, Wrenn; 4, Howland; 5, C. B. Neel; 6, Chase; 7, Stevens; 8, Foote; 9, Fischer; 10, Millett.

In the doubles championship Wrenn and Chase defeated Hobart and Hovey in a game which showed the highest skill to which doubles play may be developed.

Another Newport event that attracted less "gallery," but furnished equal sport, was the court-tennis match between B. Spalding de Garmendia, and Fiske Warren. Mr. de Garmendia revealed great skill, and won handily from an opponent who has no other superior and has been playing the game much longer.

THE UNIVERSITY YEAR WAS MARRED by an estrangement between Harvard and Yale in all sports; by the continuation of an estrangement between Princeton and Pennsylvania, and Yale and Penn. All of which, despite its lamentability, I nevertheless believe to be blessings in disguise. I am convinced the result will be a settling of the athletic atmosphere and the establishment of college games on a sport for the sake of sport basis.

In the Inter-collegiate Athletic Championships Yale won with a score of 30, Penn. 25, Harvard 22 points respectively. But the most interesting feature of this meeting was the appearance of a team from California, two at least of whose members, Dyer and Torrey, showed form of the highest class in the hurdles.

The West sent out another brilliant performer in J. V. Crum, who won the 100 in 10 seconds and the 220 in 22 seconds at the same meeting with very little difficulty.

Yale also won the dual track meeting with Harvard by 61 to 47 points.

In baseball Yale attained first honors by beating both Harvard and Princeton in series of two straight games, and Harvard lost to Princeton and Penn.

At New London, in the 4-mile 8-oared boat-race, Harvard was beaten 10 lengths by Yale in 21 minutes and 30 seconds. It was the ninth time in ten years that Harvard had been beaten by Yale, and the race was unique in its being the first in the last five years where both crews rowed to the end without going to pieces. Harvard was coached by Watson, and rowed perfectly the stroke which he had taught. Yale rowed as perfectly the stroke that has been the accepted one at New Haven for ten years. It was a contest between strokes, and Yale's showed unquestionable and infinite superiority. If Harvard will at last learn of experience, they will abandon their old system, and adopt the only one acknowledged to be the best for four-mile rowing.

The year also signalized the return of Columbia to rowing after its abandonment since '91, and their splendid victory over Cornell and Penn. on the Hudson River course at Poughkeepsie. It was the first defeat Cornell had suffered from Columbia. Penn. had a good crew and rowed pluckily, but their boat had been injured the day before, and sank with them during the race. The pleasantest feature of the boating season at New London was the very pronounced lessening of espionage by Harvard and Yale of one another's crews. There was very much less of the usual spying and mystery, and it gave hopes that in a few years we shall reach the excellent and sportsmanlike basis maintained by Oxford and Cambridge in their mutual relations.

GENERALLY SPEAKING THE FOOTBALL SEASON was notable for the spread of the game. West and South there were more teams put on the field than ever before, and a very decided lessening of unnecessary roughness and considerable improvement in the scientific development of the game were noticeable. Many institutions still evince a strangely ignorant and perverted comprehension of the attributes of an amateur, but, on the other hand, others have thrown aside entirely the "induced" player, and put forth honest, representative teams, and used their influence in persuading others to do similarly. We have had several most noisome examples of semi-professionalism in the West, and in the South too, but as the year closes there is a better understanding of these matters, and an apparently honest effort to lift their sport to a proper basis.

The improvement of play throughout the country has been considerable, but the development among the smaller Eastern teams was most remarkable, many of them showing a quality of performance which only a few years ago would have been creditable to the larger university teams. Semi-professionalism in club football was rampant, but I am expecting a severe check to be put upon all these evils in the year of '96.

For the first time in football history Yale and Princeton did not win all their games against smaller colleges, and Brown and Lafayette and the two national academies at West Point and at Annapolis developed the best elevens in their history.

Classifying the leading elevens of '95, they read:

Yale, Penn., Princeton, Harvard, West Point, Brown, Cornell, Lafayette, and Dartmouth, the winner of the New England League.

The most pleasing incident of the entire year was Harvard's return of West Point's $250 expense guarantee (when Harvard learned that West Point charges no admission to games, and raises expense money among officers and cadets), and West Point's subsequent investment of the money in a cup for presentation to the Harvard eleven. These are the acts of gentlemen. This is evidence of sport for sport's sake.

In polo the first championship of America was held and won by Myopia over Rockaway and Westchester, playing one of the strongest individual games seen in '95. Their team-play was good—but not equal to what Rockaway has shown at its best. The season from first to last was the most active one yet had, showing many new players and great improvement in the old. All things considered, Westchester made the most creditable record of the year.

The Horse Show of '95 was no improvement over '94, except in a small increase of entries. The quality in all classes was excellent—up to the average of '94 in most of them, and below it in a few. The need of separation in some of the classes and of more defined judging was emphasized by many of the awards.

As the year closes there is evidence of the introduction of that splendid Canadian winter game, hockey; but there is yet, I am sorry to say, a sad neglect of that magnificent American game, lacrosse.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

"PONY TRACKS."—WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—8VO, CLOTH, ORNAMENTAL, $3 00.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

Mousou's Bouquet Carmen Sylva and Violette Impériale

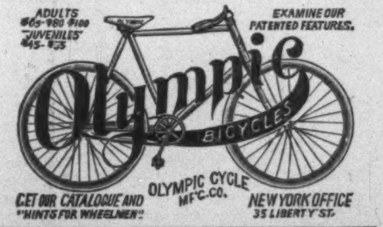
Erie Bicycles
Have Won Popularity.

Erie Bicycles
Scientific Model.

Erie Bicycles $75
Absolutely Guaranteed.

Erie Bicycles *Send for Catalogue.*

QUEEN CITY CYCLE CO., Buffalo, N.Y.


ADULTS
$65-$80 $100
"JUVENILES"
$45-$55
EXAMINE OUR PATENTED FEATURES.
Olympic
BICYCLES
GET OUR CATALOGUE AND "HINTS FOR WHEELMEN."
OLYMPIC CYCLE MF'G. CO.
NEW YORK OFFICE 35 LIBERTY ST.

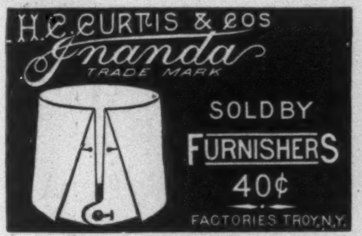
$4
BEST MAKE PERFECT FIT

Exclusive PANT TAILORS

PANTS to measure **$4** per pair

None Higher, None Lower,
Fit and Quality Guaranteed.
Samples and all directions for measurement sent free on application.
FAULTLESS CUSTOM PANTS CO.,
266-268 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Dept. G.

ALL KINDS OF
Stringed Instruments,
PARTS THEREOF.
FINE STRINGS, High-Grade Repairing.
BREITKOPF & HÄRTEL, 6.
39 E. 19th St., New York.
Write for Catalogue.


H. C. CURTIS & CO'S
Inanda
TRADE MARK
SOLD BY
FURNISHERS
40¢
FACTORIES TROY, N.Y.

Commit to Memory

the best things in Prose and Poetry, always including good Songs and Hymns. It is surprising how little good work of this kind seems to be done in the Schools, if one must judge from the small number of people who can repeat, without mistake or omission, as many as **Three** good songs or hymns.

Clear, Sharp, Definite,

and accurate Memory work is a most excellent thing, whether in School or out of it, among all ages and all classes. But let that which is so learned be worth learning and worth retaining. The Franklin Square Song Collection presents a large number of

Old and New Songs

and Hymns, in great variety and very carefully selected, comprising Sixteen Hundred in the Eight Numbers thus far issued, together with much choice and profitable Reading Matter relating to Music and Musicians. In the complete and varied

Table of Contents,

which is sent free on application to the Publishers, there are found dozens of the best things in the World, which are well worth committing to memory; and they who know most of such good things, and appreciate and enjoy them most, are really among the best educated people in any country. They have the best result of Education. For above Contents, with sample pages of Music, address

Harper & Brothers, New York.

AS
WE HAVE SAID
BEFORE...

Sterling Bicycles

NEED
NO REPAIRS

—are
"Built Like a Watch"
and run as easy

Ride an Olive Green Sterling in '96

Our New Catalog is a beauty!

STERLING CYCLE WORKS
GENERAL OFFICES:
274-276-278 WABASH AVENUE
CHICAGO
Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 B'way, New York
Pacific Coast Branch, 314 Post St., San Francisco

YOU can't tell a balky horse by his looks and you're just as likely to be deceived in a bicycle. There's no better guide when buying a wheel than this famous name—

Monarch

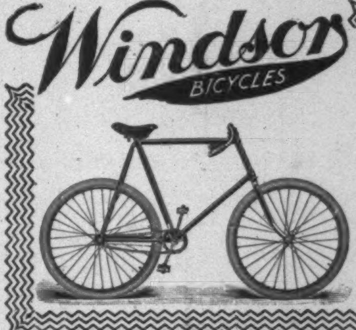
It identifies the king of wheels—it's a guarantee of strength, speed and reliability. A name that you can proudly point out to your friends.

4 models. $85 and $100, fully guaranteed. For children and adults who want a lower price wheel the **Defiance** is made in 8 models, $40, $50, $60, $75. Send for Monarch book.

Monarch Cycle Mfg. Co.,
Lake, Halsted and
Fulton Sts.,
CHICAGO.
BRANCHES:
New York, San Francisco,
Portland, Salt Lake City,
Denver, Detroit, Toronto.

EMPLOY LEISURE HOURS We allow you all you take in (the entire subscription price) as commission canvassing subscriptions for an old established Magazine. We want a large *bona fide* circulation. For full particulars address Medical Herald, New Albany, Ind.

UNDERSIGNED forwards 40 different Australian used Postage Stamps, or 4 different Photo Views, or booklet of 12 Lithos, for $1.00 U. S. Money. Curios for $5.00. Money Order. The trade supplied. Address
JOSEPH NEUZIL, G. P. O., Sydney, N. S. W., Australia.


Windsor
BICYCLES

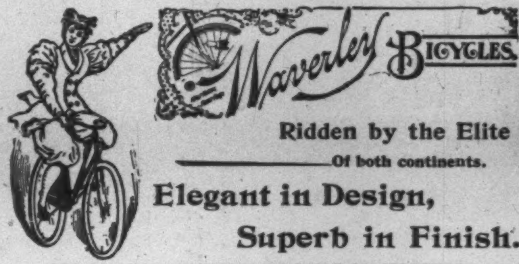
The ... **American Beauties**

For 1896....

Provoke love at first sight and hold it captive. Bicycling should be pure happiness. It's sure to be if you ride a

Windsor....$85 and $100

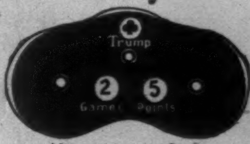
For Catalogue, address
SIEG & WALPOLE MFG. CO....Kenosha, Wis.
Branch Houses—Chicago, Milwaukee, Portland, Ore., Los Angeles, Cal.
Address all Correspondence to Kenosha, Wis.


Waverley BICYCLES

Ridden by the Elite
Of both continents.
Elegant in Design,
Superb in Finish.

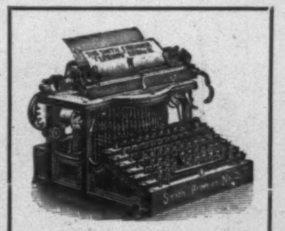
THE ACME OF PERFECTION IN CYCLE CONSTRUCTION.
Art catalogue describing ladies' and gentlemen's models free by mail.
INDIANA BICYCLE CO., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Do You Play Cards?


Trump
2
5
Games
Points

Above ¼ actual size.
Send two-cent stamp and we will mail **FREE**
Our SOUVENIR GAME COUNTER

"Improvement the Order of the Age."

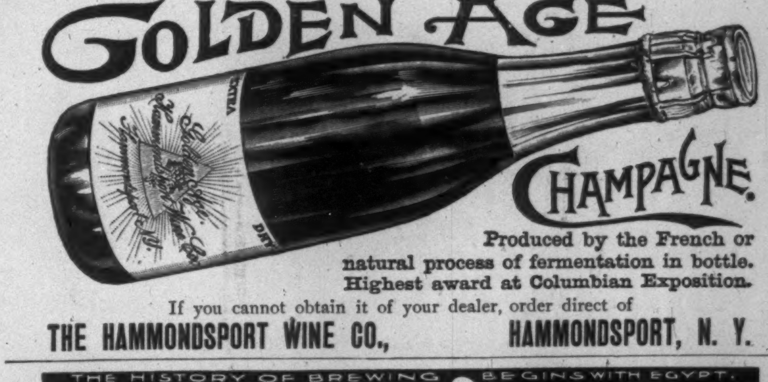

Smith Premier No. 2

"THERE!
why didn't WE THINK of that?" said a manufacturer as he noted a certain improved feature of the three New Model

... Nos. **2, 3,** and **4**....

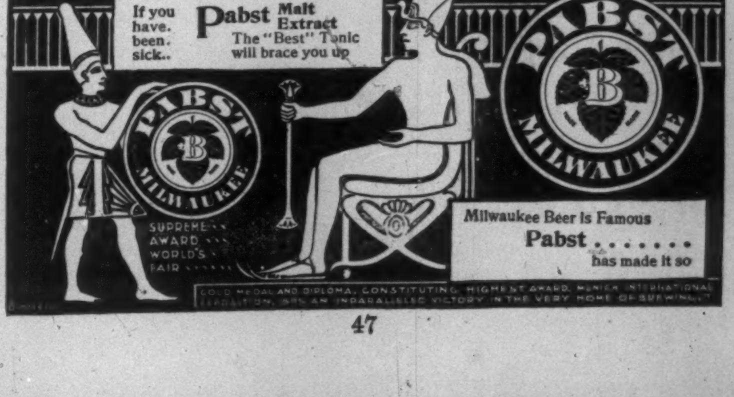
Smith Premier Typewriters

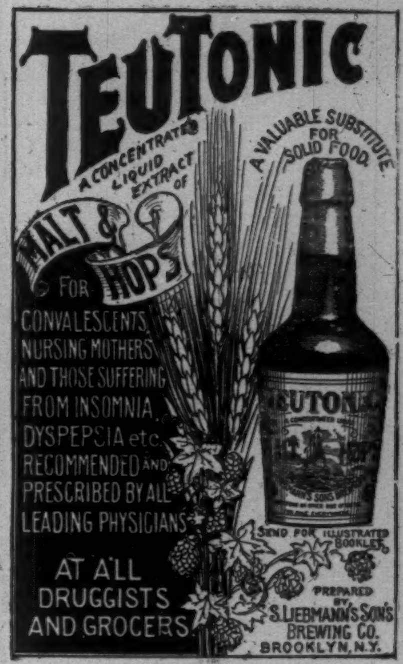
You'll be glad that somebody "thought of it" when you see it. Write for new Catalogue, etc.
The Smith Premier Typewriter Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.
Branch offices in twenty-nine principal cities in the United States.

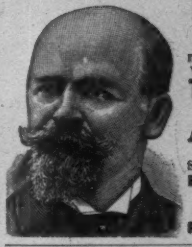

GOLDEN AGE
CHAMPAGNE.

Produced by the French or natural process of fermentation in bottle. Highest award at Columbian Exposition.

If you cannot obtain it of your dealer, order direct of
THE HAMMONDSPORT WINE CO., HAMMONDSPORT, N. Y.


THE HISTORY OF BREWING BEGINS WITH EGYPT.
If you have been sick..
Pabst Malt Extract
The "Best" Tonic will brace you up
PABST MILWAUKEE
B
SUPREME AWARD WORLD'S FAIR
PABST MILWAUKEE
Milwaukee Beer is Famous
Pabst ....
has made it so
GOLD MEDAL AND DIPLOMA, CONSTITUTING HIGHEST AWARD, MUNICH INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, ARE AN UNPARALLELED VICTORY IN THE VERY HOME OF BREWING."


TEUTONIC
A CONCENTRATED LIQUID EXTRACT OF
MALT & HOPS
A VALUABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR SOLID FOOD.
FOR
CONVALESCENTS,
NURSING MOTHERS,
AND THOSE SUFFERING
FROM INSOMNIA,
DYSPEPSIA etc.
RECOMMENDED AND
PRESCRIBED BY ALL
LEADING PHYSICIANS.
AT ALL
DRUGGISTS
AND GROCERS.
TEUTONIC
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.
PREPARED BY
S. LIEBMANN'S SON'S
BREWING CO.
BROOKLYN, N.Y.



Beeman's— THE ORIGINAL **Pepsin Gum**

CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

The Perfection of Chewing Gum

And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness.
Send 5c. for sample package.
Beeman Chemical Co.
19 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
Originators of
Pepsin Chewing Gum.

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BOILING WATER OR MILK.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS.
NOTICE
NAME THUS
Stewart Hartshorn
ON LABEL
AND GET
THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN

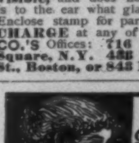
THE DRUM IN POSITION

DEAFNESS

and Head Noises relieved by using
Wilson's Common-Sense Ear Drums
New, scientific invention; different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable, and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.
WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
Offices: { 401 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.
1122 Broadway, New York.

ARE YOU DEAF?
DON'T YOU WANT TO HEAR?

The AURAPHONE will help you if you do. It is a recent scientific invention which will assist the hearing of any one not **born** deaf. When in the ear it is **invisible,** and does not cause the slightest discomfort. It is to the ear what glasses are to the eye—an ear spectacle. Enclose stamp for particulars. Can be tested **FREE OF CHARGE** at any of the NEW YORK AURAPHONE CO.'S Offices: **716 Metropolitan Building, Madison Square, N.Y. 433 Phillips Building, 120 Tremont St., Boston, or 843 Equitable Building, Atlanta, Ga.**



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

HINDERCORNS.
The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet, Makes walking easy. 15cts. at Druggists.

D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER.
For Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; athlete or invalid. Complete gymnasium; takes 6 in. of floor-room; new, scientific, durable, cheap. Indorsed by 100,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors, and others now using it. Illustrated circular, 40 engravings, free. Address D. L. DOWD, Scientific Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th St., N. Y.

HARPER'S thoroughly revised, classified, and indexed, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents. **CATALOGUE**

Beecham's pills for constipation 10¢ and 25¢. Get the book at your druggist's and go by it.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.